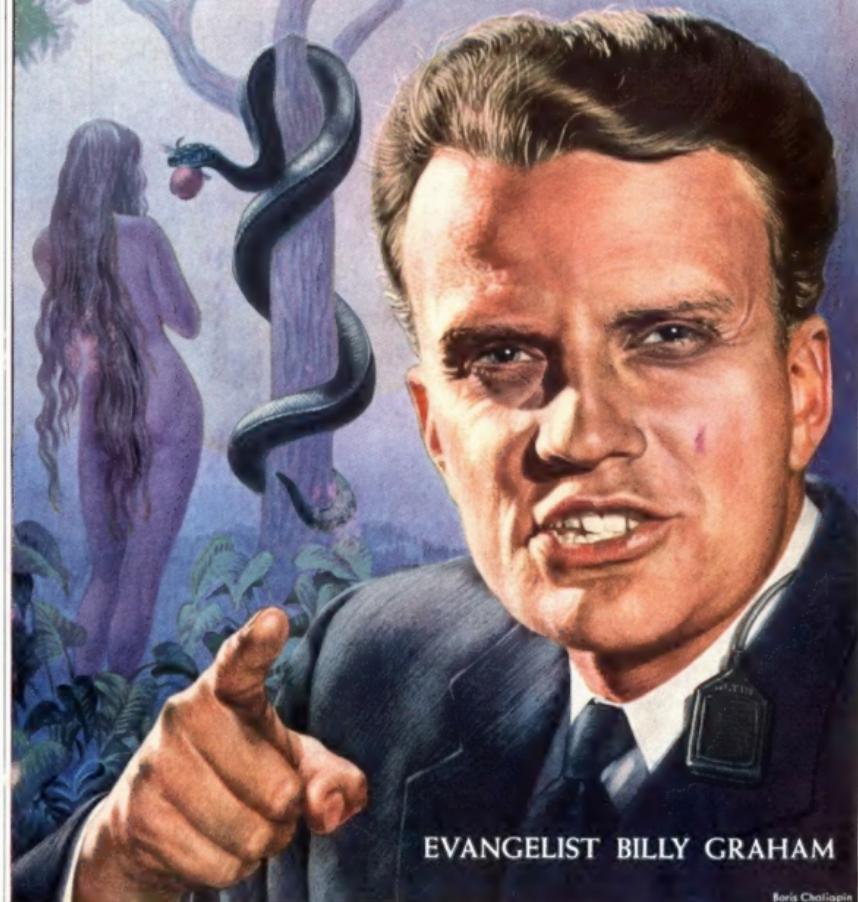


TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 25, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



EVANGELIST BILLY GRAHAM

Boris Chaliapin

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VOL. LXIV NO. 17

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ture. And, according to our informants, they have new qualities that soft-fabric suits never had before. They can hold their press and shape longer . . . under all kinds of conditions. In short, they keep you neat with less care.

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LETTERS

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Racial Flare-Up

Sir:

It was to be expected that the desegregation decision of the Supreme Court would bring out whatever beastly intolerance exists in what we flatteringly speak of as "Christian America."

But the actions of those intolerant yokels in Delaware [TIME, Oct. 11] . . . show that while we have gone a long way in decency as interpreted by our high court there is a great segment of our population that is still a backwoods mob without the slightest comprehension of democracy or Christianity . . .

LEWIS A. LINCOLN

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

. . . It seems impossible that Bryant Bowles, his followers, and the people of Milford could call themselves "democratic," but they undoubtedly do. What do they think they are accomplishing by starting these race fights? . . . Perhaps they are deliberately passing the plum of prejudice to Russia for her to present to the Communists as proof of American idiocy . . .

SUZANNE E. MCKEE

Boston

Censure from Europe

Sir:

. . . I read with poignant mixed emotions the piece by Emmet Hughes from London on how McCarthy hurt the U.S. cause in Europe [TIME, Oct. 4].

When I tried to tell the State Department the same thing, in practically the same words, a year and a half ago, I had my throat Cohned and Schined from career to career,² while the schizoid psychological warriors of Foggy Bottom ran for cover . . .

I doubt that the Hughes report meant as much to anyone else as it did to me.

THEODORE KAGHAN

Nyack, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . I have just returned from a three-month tour of Europe and the Middle East

* Publicist Kagan was asked to resign as deputy director of the U.S. High Commissioner's Public Affairs Division in Germany, five weeks after tagging McCarthy-Committee Staffers Cohn and Schine "junketeering gumshoes."¹

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myself, visiting 18 countries, and I have talked with a lot of people over there concerning Senator McCarthy. I find that the informed people . . . like McCarthy. For instance, in Turkey I found the Senator was greatly admired, for the Turks know the Communists; they liked him in Spain, in Ireland, and even some places in England and Scotland. The only people who don't like Senator McCarthy are the ones whose minds have been poisoned by such magazines as yours, or are Pinks or Reds themselves . . .

NATHAN BOLTON

Publisher

Bastrop Daily Enterprise
Bastrop, La.

Sir:
. . . Now I can tell all my apprehensive Asian friends that we in Pakistan were right to choose the U.S. as our ally and that their criticisms of McCarthyism in your great country are not justified . . .

HASEEM MIRZA

London

Praise & Censure (Contd.)

Sir:

. . . The Watkins committee report [TIME, Oct. 4] is an important step in the discharge of the moral obligation of the U.S. Senate to its own dignity and to the entire world: the placing of Joe McCarthy in his proper perspective.

Even as a practicing attorney, one needs, from time to time, an inward, spiritual reassurance of the basic soundness of our adversary system of justice. The Watkins report provides such reassurance, as well as proof that our rules of evidence . . . provide an effective means of dealing with the McCarrhys and their ilk.

GEORGE G. LORINCZ

Milwaukee

Sir:
. . . McCarthy's political demise will be the greatest impetus to Communism this country has ever received.

ROBIN S. WILLIAMS

Chicago

Second Things First

Sir:

Calling Charles Ives, one of America's greatest composers, "an insurance broker who pioneered polytonal music in the U.S. in

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his spare time" [TIME, Sept. 27] is tantamount to saying that Herman Melville was a customs clerk who dabbled in literature or Goethe a theatrical manager who once in a while wrote a book.

Charles Ives was able to become a great composer precisely because he was intelligent enough to become an insurance man at a time when the type of music which made him great was still less productive of even a slight commercial success than it is now.

ERNST KRENEK

Vienna

¶ Composer Ives, an insurance man for over 30 years, effectively answered Composer Krenek in a letter written to a friend: "My work in music helped my business, and my work in business helped my music."—ED.

Bodies by Bequest

Sir:

You have done medical education a service with your forthright article on the cadaver shortage in this country [TIME, Oct. 4]. However . . . your selection of Tennessee as an example gives a mistaken impression. Although the University of Tennessee College of Medicine accepts 200 medical students a year, we have at this time five students at each dissecting table. But the situation is getting worse rather than better.

ROLAND H. ALDEN

Chief of the Division of Anatomy
University of Tennessee
Memphis

Sir:

. . . It occurs to me that the best way to promote the giving of bodies by bequest would be for each physician to bequeath his own body to the school from which he graduated. In this way, he would be repaying a debt which he alone can fully pay. Furthermore, if the medical profession would lead the way, the general public would eventually follow.

H. G. PARKS

Bay City, Mich.

New Directions (Contd.)

Sir:

Dr. David Riesman's brilliant account of evolution of mankind into "other-directed" [TIME, Sept. 27] is perhaps the reason and cause for the super-mediocrity of most people, most jobs, most professions, even most autonomous men.

JOHN KINDEL

Livonia, Mich.

Sir:

Between Mrs. Ambrose Clark and Mr. David Riesman, I'll take Mrs. Clark because she says, "Lose as if you liked it," and this Mr. Riesman (in a million words) just gets me mixed up . . .

JACK PEERS

Salt Lake City

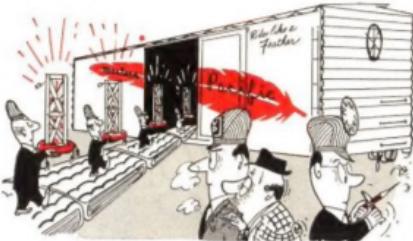
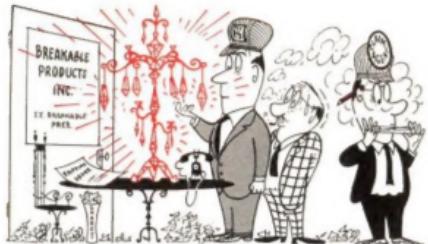
Mission to Mecca

Sir:

I was greatly pleased with "The Propaganda Pilgrims" [TIME, Sept. 27]. I happen to be witness to the fact that in 1924 the Soviet border was completely closed and that no pilgrimage was allowed. A few years later (1928-30), the mosques were either torn down or used for different purposes. The clergy was liquidated or sent to Siberia; so 40 million Mohammedans in the Soviet Union were forced to do their worshiping secretly . . . During World War II, Russia pretended to

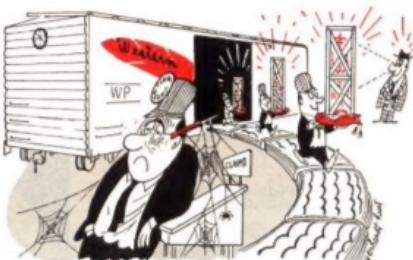
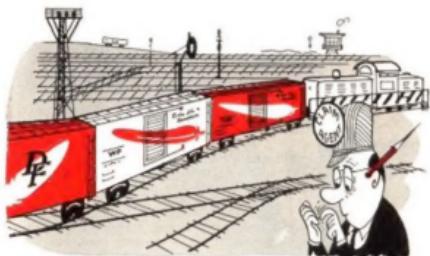
"Don't follow in Dad's footsteps, Junior"

W. P. Freight Claims Agent warns son



Shippers and railroads have long been working on the problem of how to prevent damage to freight shipments. Although great progress has been made, Western Pacific was convinced that still more could be done to start its Claim Agent worrying about technological unemployment.

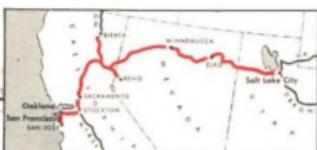
Three years ago we got together with a freight car builder on the development of an entirely new type of box car, the compartmentizer. This unique car, first introduced and operated by Western Pacific, has established an outstanding record of damage-reduction.



Now we are testing, under actual operating conditions, another innovation in scientific freight handling, a small fleet of shock-absorbing Cushion Underframe cars. These are in addition to a number of recently delivered "DF" (damage free) box cars now serving our shippers and receivers.

And to round-out this extensive program of damage prevention, Western Pacific has ordered 40 fifty-foot "DF + CU" cars and are expected to cause the WP Claim Agent to do even more worrying about his future!

Western Pacific leads the way in the development of damage-reducing box cars!



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wright arch preserver
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show the free world that the Mohammedan behind the Iron Curtain had religious freedom. But this was utterly false according to testimony from Mohammedan refugees . . .

America should ever be on the lookout ready to expose these "fakers" . . . Mohammedans who live and enjoy freedom in this country would gladly cooperate in this project.

ALI R. NIJASI, M.D.

Los Angeles

Conversation Piece

Sir:

Yale's trenchant Dr. Griswold warmed the hearts of 15 Gonzaga University students when he "rued the passing of the lively art of conversation" [TIME, Oct. 4].

Tired of the unanswerable tyranny of television and the lecture hall, we formed a club two years ago for the express purpose of reviving the lost art with a bit more finesse than the average campus bull session. Since then we have managed to do a great deal of talking on subjects ranging from McCarthyism to the meaning of a liberal education. We feel certain that our conversations have given us a firmer grasp of "what higher education is all about."

KEITH McDUFFIE

Kennewick, Wash.

Whodunit

Sir:

"At 316.67, it [the Dow-Jones industrial average] was only 20 points below the all-time high of 381.37 in September 1929" [TIME, Oct. 4]. Whodunit, TIME's statistician or proofreaders?

A. C. MASON

St. Louis

¶ TIME's copyreader figured a switch when she should have switched a figure. It should have read 361.67.—ED.

Cooking with Hashish

Sir:

. . . I recognize the Alice B. Toklas hashish fudge [TIME, Oct. 4] as my own Huxleyan rendering of experience . . . The fudge, known as "majnoon" in Morocco, is sometimes served with hot mint tea at the end of an Arab feast, instead of alcohol, which is considered sinful. In any case, to paraphrase the only other really famous cookbook, "First catch your cannabis sativa."

BRION GYSIN

Tangier, Morocco

Grimm Victory

Sir:

Reader Grimm [TIME, Sept. 27] is entirely right. Indeed, I have been a little surprised that nobody else noticed the implications in the script of *High and Dry*. The satire was not buried very deep.

I would be sad, however, if he thought there was malicious intent. Does it help to point out that Bill Rose, who wrote the screenplay, is, like myself, an American, though both of us have spent a good many years in Britain? We saw the story very much from the viewpoint of the American

The sa-agely unfair way in which the American is treated, the sly insult added to injury and the ultimate indignity of being expected to feel that he is somehow "morally" in the wrong were part of the flavour of the joke. A touch of vinegar to keep the thing from getting too saccharine . . .

ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK®

London

* Director of *High and Dry*.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Why It Matters

In a littered office at Republican national headquarters one day last week, a worn G.O.P. tactician looked up from his master list of congressional districts, nervously reshuffled the foot-high pile of reports on his desk and breathed: "Thank God it isn't next week." Only a few blocks away at Democratic national headquarters, a party tactician jauntily swung his feet up on his desk, carefully straightened his tie (miniature dogs—in honor of Charlie Wilson—on a black background) and sighed: "Oh, if it were only next week."

Almost everywhere that politicians gathered, the tacticians' agreement was accepted as political fact: if the election were held this week, the Republican Party would lose control of the U.S. House of Representatives, and perhaps of the Senate. Explained a Washington pundit last week: "Lots of voters still like Ike but feel quite free to vote Democratic—out of vague protest against something-or-other."

Widespread among voters was the feeling that this election did not matter much. The shift—if there is a shift—would probably be by a narrow margin. Since neither Democratic nor Republican Congressmen have been obedient to party discipline, what difference would it make which side had a numerical advantage?

This line of reasoning missed some basic facts about contemporary U.S. politics. More than ever before Congressmen and congressional candidates are trying to read the public mind, rather than to persuade the voters that such-and-such a course is right. A Democratic victory that included the re-election of liberal Paul Douglas, for instance, would be interpreted by scores of ear-flapping Congressmen of both parties as a sure sign that the nation had swung leftward again. Similarly, the defeat of such Eisenhower Republicans as New Jersey's Clifford Case together with victory for right-wing Republicans would reopen the split in the Republican Party, which this campaign has done much to heal. Facing the voters, the right-wing Republicans

struck their flags and yelled to President Eisenhower for help. If his coattails pull the party through with majorities in both Houses, there is not going to be much future argument about who's in charge.

After the election it will be clear that every shade and nuance of the returns will bear heavily upon future policy. Eisenhower and the 83rd Congress swung the nation off one course, started it on another. But it is by no means committed



Herblock © 1954 The Washington Post Co.

to the new direction. It can swing back or it can fall into a two-year interlude where the President is relatively helpless and Congress breaks into four warring groups: right- and left-wing Democrats, right- and left-wing Republicans.

Presently, voter apathy is so thick it can be cut with a knife. A recent Gallup poll found that only 21% of voters had given "quite a lot" of thought to the coming election, while 19% had given it "some" thought and 60%, "little or none." A year from now it may be hard to believe that the nation did not realize in advance that the 1954 election would set the political scene for 1956 and beyond.

THE PRESIDENCY

Remember Firpo

A jovial President Eisenhower last week sliced into a 3-ft. birthday cake modeled after the White House (with a putting green on the roof) and said he was happy to be 64. Explained Ike to a Denver birthday-luncheon: "Considering the year I was born, if I weren't 64 I'd be dead."

Cash from the Neighbors. The President's spirits were high all week, even though he was ending his Denver vacation. At Denver's Cherry Hills Country Club, he shot a 77 (off short tees), his best golf score since the inauguration. At week's end, he boarded the *Columbine* and flew to Indianapolis, where he had scheduled a major farm speech. There were low, dark clouds and light rain in Indianapolis, and the President found that the weather fitted the mood of Indiana Republicans, who warned that there was a strong possibility that they would lose two of the ten congressional seats they now hold. It was the same kind of gloomy talk that Ike had been hearing for the past several weeks, and he had a comment to make.

He told 600 Hoosier Republicans leaders that he had noticed a letdown in G.O.P. spirits since the 1952 landslide. He was reminded of Luis Angel Firpo, the South American heavyweight, and Firpo's bout with Jack Dempsey in 1923. Said Ike: "In the first round he knocked Dempsey so far out into the audience that he broke two or three typewriters for the newspapermen. But Dempsey crawled back in the ring and whipped the tar out of him. Now, I don't think the Republican Party has any idea of being a Firpo."

Help from the G.O.P. After the ten-minute talk, the President drove through rainy, almost deserted streets to deliver his farm speech to a lively audience of 16,000, plus a nationwide radio hookup. Boys and girls from Indiana 4-H Clubs gave him a four-tiered birthday cake, and he joined the crowd in singing *Back Home Again in Indiana*.

The President reviewed the entire range

of his Administration's accomplishments, then turned to a defense of flexible price supports. Said Ike: "The truth is, this vital problem of markets and surpluses has never been faced head on. Two wars had postponed the day of inevitable reckoning." The G.O.P. farm bill finally faced the problem. Said he: "We have a farm program geared not to war but to peace—a program that will encourage consumption, expand markets and realistically adjust farm production to markets."

Ike went on to tick off a long list of other benefits farmers had received from the 83rd Congress, ranging from surplus-disposal laws to drought relief. Argued

statehood advocates that they were too belligerent in their approach to Congress and suggested that they "start acting like ladies and gentlemen." He resented charges that his department was trying to hold on to Alaska as an "empire." "I get sick and tired," he told an Anchorage audience, "of being kicked around the way I've been kicked around by the people of Alaska."

McKay's remarks and the decision on statehood that preceded them indicated that the Republicans in Washington had given up hope of carrying Alaska, which had gone Democratic in the last eleven biennial elections, except in 1946 and

for his yearly physical checkup, and he was booked to speak at a fund-raising dinner there. Then a speech in Chicago, 48 hours later, was set up.

After a morning session at Harper Hospital, he went to the Statler Hotel's Michigan Room for a news conference with nine or ten Detroit reporters. At the doorway Wilson told a story about the western sheriff whose friends smeared Limburger cheese in his beard while he slept. Wakening, he sniffed (Wilson sniffed to demonstrate) and rushed outdoors, but could not get away from the smell. Baffled, he went back in and announced: "Boy, the whole world stinks." That's like the Democratic Party, said Wilson, still accusing the Republicans of the kind of mess in Washington made under the former Administrations.

When the conference began, he talked freely and answered all questions. Many of the questions were about the possibility of more defense contracts for Detroit. Wilson predicted that Detroit would have full employment by Christmas, and said that defense was too serious a matter to be used to make work. "When a whole community gets to leaning too much on military business and gets a vested interest in war, that's not good," said Wilson. He deplored governmental policies that seemed to promise to bring a job to every man in every area; he would like to see more self-reliance. Typically, he made his point by a story about two dogs.

What Makes History. This turned out to be a historic blooper—but the blooper was not immediately apparent. The Associated Press did not put it on the wire for some eight hours, and the New York Times buried it at the bottom of a story. It took the C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther to discover that Charlie Wilson had delivered an insult without parallel to the American workingman.

Demanding Wilson's resignation or apology, Reuther wired President Eisenhower: WORKERS ARE NOW DOGS TO YOUR SECRETARY OF DEFENSE. Light dawned on a press that had up to this point, failed to find much of interest in the congressional campaign. When a London paper next day said that Wilson had "referred to the country's unemployed as dogs," it did not need the excuse of distance. Many U.S. papers and radio commentators went just as far in distorting his remarks.

Wilson had taken a theme from Aesop according to



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & 4-H'ERS IN INDIANAPOLIS
Back home in Indiana, dark clouds and light rain.

the President: "To continue the advance along the course charted 21 months ago, we need a legislative and an executive department both guided by leaders of the same general political philosophy . . . Our national welfare will be best served by a Republican-led Congress."

That night the President flew on to Washington, where he faced a deskful of preliminary work on the new budget and the State of the Union message.

ELECTIONS Alaskan Tea Party

The Territory of Alaska this year was probably the only place on earth where a platform orator could get a laugh with the well-worn opening: "Ladies and Gentlemen." On Alaska's election day last week, this local joke proved to be the Republican Party, which was turned out of power by a Democratic landslide.

Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay was responsible for the joke. On an Alaskan inspection trip last summer, he found voters bitter about the Republican decision to press for Hawaiian but not for Alaskan statehood. Instead of mumbling weasel words, McKay publicly told

1952 (the only time the Republicans won nationally).

When the returns came in the Democrats won 21 of 24 seats in the Territorial House, where they had only four before, and eight of the nine Senate seats at stake. Said the Anchorage *Times*: "A Boston Tea Party in Alaska fashion."

THE CAMPAIGN

Cave Canes

Even before Aesop, wise men were illustrating points about human nature with parables about dogs, foxes, geese, snakes, rats, oysters, cocks and bulls. All literature, from the Bible to the comic books, is full of zoomorphic comment on human behavior. Seldom have these comparisons given serious offense, one exception being the case of Aesop himself, who was killed, partly because of his fables, by a Delphian mob. Last week Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson knew just how Aesop felt.

The Narrator. Wilson, an uninhibited teller of down-to-earth stories, was not tabbed for a single campaign speech by the Republican National Committee. But he was going home to Detroit last week

* "A man had two dogs: a Hound, trained to assist him in his sports, and a House Dog, taught to watch the house. When he returned home after a good day's sport, he always gave the House Dog a large share of his spoil. The Hound, feeling much aggrieved at this, reproached his companion, saying: 'It is very hard to have all this labor, while you, who do not assist in the chase, luxuriate in the fruits of my exertions.' The House Dog replied, 'Do not blame me, my friend, but find fault with the master, who has not taught me to labor, but to depend for subsistence on the labor of others.'

"Children are not to be blamed for the faults of their parents."

the transcript, this is what he said:

A. (Wilson): This defense business of the country is too serious a business to look at as though it was made work . . . I would like to tell you a story that happened to me . . . down in Washington. A group of people came in like you, from a distress area, so-called labor-surplus area . . . One of them made a complaint—that was a little over a year ago—and he said, "You have just reduced the draft in our district. There are 110 more young men that won't have to go to Korea and fight and that will add to our unemployment." And that idea that a 19-year-old boy could be drafted and sent to Korea to be shot at, and he didn't have enough gumption to go 100 miles and get himself a job—I don't go for that. I've got a lot of sympathy for people where a sudden change catches them. But—I've always liked bird dogs better than kennel-fed dogs myself.

Q.: Mr. Wilson, how much—

A. (Wilson): You know, one that will get out and hunt for his food rather than sit on his fanny and yell.

What Makes Olin Sick. As it turned out, a great many Americans agreed with Wilson's main point—that it is dangerous to use defense spending as a means to prosperity and full employment. But few bothered to check what Wilson had said. They took Walter Reuther's cue.

Democratic national headquarters in Washington burned the wires to candidates, urging them not to play Wilson for laughs but to take the same earnest, humorless line as Reuther.

Democrats called Charlie Wilson "revolting . . . inhuman . . . brutal." South Carolina's Senator Olin Johnston said he "makes me sick with fear." At week's end, in his first and only speech of the campaign, former President Harry Truman labeled Wilson's words "the attitude of too many big-business spokesmen in the Republican Party." In Buffalo the C.I.O. handed jobless men cans of dog food.

The Unkindest Cutters. But what fed the headlines more than Democratic gags and diatribes was the Republican panic. G.O.P. candidates all but trampled Charlie Wilson in their rush for the nearest exit. Said Kentucky's Republican Senator Cooper: "Inexcusable, and I criticize it with all my strength." Said Massachusetts' Saltonstall: "Unfair!" New York's Ives and New Jersey's Case turned their backs on Charlie Wilson. In South Bend, Ind., hard hit by Studebaker layoffs, Republican Congressional Candidate Shep Crumpacker demanded his resignation. Then G.O.P. national headquarters was on the phone, asking Charlie Wilson to back out of his remarks. "What do you want me to pull back on?" he asked. "What's wrong?"

For hours the Denver White House flapped like an overcrowded dog kennel in an animated cartoon. But it did not panic. After a flurry of transcontinental phone calls, President Eisenhower issued a steady statement: "I have never found him [Wilson] in the slightest de-

gree indifferent to human misfortune . . . In spite of record peacetime employment, there are areas suffering from economic dislocations as the aftermath of war and inflation. Every one of these is engaging the earnest and persistent efforts of the Administration."

The Badminton Game. The hardest blow came from Illinois' Republican Governor William Stratton. He had spent the day in the downstate mining city of Centralia. When he got back to the executive mansion in Springfield after midnight, he heard about Wilson's dogs. Governor Stratton was due to introduce Wilson at the Chicago dinner in 18 hours' time; a



ASSOCIATED PRESS
SECRETARY WILSON
Badminton, anyone?

much-perturbed politician, he decided against it.

He woke his wife, a former secretary, to type up a statement. It took him 90 minutes to write 117 words suggesting that Wilson's appearance should be canceled. About 3:30 a.m. he called Fred Gillies, state G.O.P. campaign manager. "I've got to do this," Fred, the governor said. About 4:30 a.m.—just in time for morning newscasts—he personally phoned his statement to statehouse reporters.

A Stratton aide told reporters that the governor would stay away from the dinner if Charlie Wilson showed up. Wilson, home in Michigan, insisted on going. "The girl's been propositioned," he said. "The marriage ceremony has been arranged. To call it off now would raise quite a stink." Big Ed Moore, Cook County G.O.P. chairman, quivered: "It would be an impossible situation . . . embarrassing."

After frantic effort, G.O.P. headquarters reached Stratton, then called Detroit and—finally—arranged a settlement. Before leaving Detroit for the flight to Chicago, Charlie Wilson knew what he would have to do. Wryly he told reporters: "The rumor around Washington is that I have foot-in-mouth disease."

When he arrived at Chicago's airport, reporters surrounded him: "Can I tell another story?" asked Wilson with a grin. Reporters fairly drooled like bloodhounds in anticipation. Wilson's story was about a migrating bird who arrived late at a Southern rendezvous "because it got mixed up in the darnedest badminton game."

He had already said: "I've found one thing in this. Your friends run fast."

Main Course: Words. At the Conrad Hilton Hotel, 25 C.I.O. pickets barked and yelped as Wilson arrived. They were parading three dogs (hired from a pet shop for \$25). At the scheduled dinner hour, Wilson was still hard at work revising his speech; to lull the packed crowd of Republicans, the organist played *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?*

At last, Charlie Wilson, a cowlick sticking up atop his head, got up before 1,500 people to eat his words—and he did it without choking. "Some of the advance publicity for this meeting," he said, "was not planned." He went on: "I made a mistake—an unfortunate mistake—by bringing up those bird dogs at the same time I was talking about people . . . Right here, right now, I want to say to the American people that I am sorry . . .

"But," he said firmly, "I will not let our political assailants get away with the charge that I am unsympathetic with the problems of workmen." He noted that he began working at 18 for 18¢ an hour, that "fortunately" his pay kept pace with his growing family (six children), and that while hospitalized with a broken hip, he thought up G.M.'s model five-year labor contract. "I'll match my labor record with anyone," said Charlie Wilson. "I know what it is to work for a living."

Later on, he ad-libbed another story about the operator of a chain of filling stations who tried to check up on his employees by driving up in his car incognito. He was astonished at the super service he always got until one day, lifting his car's hood, he saw a note attached to the motor: "Be careful what you do or say. This s.o.b. is president of the company."

A Lesson Learned. It was nighttime when Charlie Wilson returned to Washington after his eventful five-day trip. He was the last passenger off the Capital Airlines plane, which flew in through a squall from Chicago. The reporters were waiting. Asked about Eisenhower, he said "I hope he isn't worried about it all—he's got enough to worry about." Asked about Republican chances in the November election, he grinned. "I think," he said, "I've proven I'm not a politician."

He could not resist adding that 85% of the people he had heard from by mail and telegraph agreed with his original point illustrated by the dog story. A bystander at the airport yelled: "You were right the first time, Charlie." Wilson grinned and waved, but he did not stop to tell another story.

Step Outside

Montana Congressman Wes D'Ewart, now campaigning for the U.S. Senate, last week observed that no Republican senatorial candidate was more than 65° (his own age). Perhaps D'Ewart was struck with the number of superannuated Democratic candidates for the Senate: Kentucky's Alben Barkley (76), Rhode Island's Theodore Green (71), Iowa's Guy Gillette (73), Wyoming's Joseph O'Mahoney (69), West Virginia's Matthew Neely (70), Virginia's A. Willis Robertson (67), Nebraska's Keith Neville (70), South Carolina's Edgar Brown (66), Kansas' George McGill (75) and, of course, D'Ewart's own opponent, Senator Jim Murray. Murray, stung by the oblique reference to his age, promptly boiled over. Said he: "I'm so decrepit I would welcome D'Ewart to come on this platform, and we'd see who is the old man. I'm willing to give \$2,000 to any charity you have if he wants to put on the gloves with me." Replied D'Ewart: "I would not like to endanger the life of a 78-year-old man."

Desegregation's Hot Spots

Pudgy Ed Turner, a Democratic candidate for Congress from Maryland's First District, paused for an instant in his speech to an Eastern Shore audience one day last week. Then he got off a remark that, on the surface, seemed singularly unexciting. Said Turner: "You know how I stand on our traditional way of life here on the Shore." His listeners immediately began stomping the floor, broke into wild whoops and hollers of approval. For the Eastern Shoremen did know how Ed Turner stands: he stands foursquare for the continued segregation of whites and Negroes in Maryland schools.

In this year's campaign the segregation issue burns mostly beneath the surface, but it nevertheless burns hot. In its desegregation decision last May, the Supreme Court decreed a social change that cannot fail to leave its mark on the nation's politics for years to come.

Desegregation may be a balance-changing factor this year in ten congressional races in Maryland, Delaware, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Missouri, Florida and Virginia. In each case it works against the Republican candidate, even though, for the most part, the Democrats are not pushing it publicly.

"Keep 'Em Out." In Maryland and Delaware the segregation issue may have decisive statewide effects. Just a few weeks ago, before Maryland's schools opened, Republican Governor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin was an odds-on favorite for re-election over Democrat H.C. ("Curly") Byrd. Then came trouble in the newly desegregated schools, and by last week the race was a tossup.

Curly Byrd has been working hard, and for the most part privately, on the segregation issue. Example: with a newsman

within earshot, a farmer sidled up to Byrd and asked: "What're you going to do about the shiness?" Said Curly: "Keep 'em out!" When the nearby reporter said he was going to include the exchange in his story, Byrd blew up, flatly denied having made the remark.

Now Byrd is handling the issue more openly. Said he, in a speech at Snow Hill on the Eastern Shore: "You will want members of the school board appointed who will be able to deal and act in accordance with the age-old customs and traditions that have been part of our way of life." As with Ed Turner, there was stomping, whooping and hollering. Governor McKeldin's reply to this veiled demagoguery is: "I stand for the law."

"By the Hand." In Delaware, candidates of both parties have been dragged into the segregation fight almost despite



Franklin D. Gondwe

MARYLAND'S BYRD (LEFT) & ADMIRERS
Rolling an ominous whoop.

themselves. Republicans generally have been blamed for an inept performance by G.O.P. Governor J. Caleb Boggs in dealing with the Milford school riots (see EDUCATION). The chief victim is Senate Candidate Herbert Warburton. He has lost ground to Democratic Senator J. Allen Frear, who consistently votes with the Senate's Southern bloc.

Last week Delaware's Republican Attorney General H. Albert Young went into court to argue on behalf of the ten Negro children who were turned out of a Milford school. Cried he, in what later turned out to be a flight of purest fancy: "If it becomes necessary for the governor of this state and its U.S. Senators, as they have expressed it to me, to lead these Negro children by the hand, after a decree of this court, into the school, they will do so." Within a few hours, both Frear and Republican Senator John Williams denied that they had authorized Attorney General Young to promise their hands.

* D'Ewart creed. Nebraska's Mrs. George Abel St. is 66.

Young explained that his statement had been merely "symbolic." Even then, it was not quite right; it was the Frear-Williams reaction that was symbolic in Delaware.

Maryland and Delaware are desegregation's hot spots in the 1954 political campaign. But there will be other campaigns in other years in other states—and there will be other Ed Turners and Curly Byrds.

The Fence Mender

Democrats have made the Massachusetts economy the main issue of the state's political campaign this year, and the loudest critic of Republican policy is Senator Foster Furcolo, who last week accused the G.O.P. of "taking food, clothing and shelter from the working-man." Furculo, who faces uphill going against Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall, complained that "nothing has been doled out to the little man, who has become the forgotten man."

Against the Furculo fight talk, Republicans offer some facts. Item: Massachusetts' nonagricultural employment is up 3.1% from 1946-49, the last peacetime years under the Democrats. Item: the average unemployment-claim load for 1953-54 is 100,000 against 186,000 for 1949-50. Item: since March, the state shows a net gain of 31 manufacturing companies, representing an employment increase of some 10,000 persons. Item: during the same period, 95 new plants were started, and there were 63 major additions to existing plants.

Lev Saltonstall has conducted an effective defense against Furculo on the economic front, and has campaigned tirelessly for months. Even when in Washington, Saltonstall never for an instant permitted his eye to stray from the Massachusetts political scene. His single-minded determination to be re-elected led him, whenever it was humanly possible, to straddle or ignore all the issues that might get him in trouble back home, e.g., he has emitted hardly a peep for or against Joe McCarthy. Such tactics probably kept him ahead of Furculo, and a few days ago, Saltonstall got another boost—from the state's most popular Democrat, Senator John F. Kennedy.

On crutches from a serious spinal ailment, Kennedy appeared for a television program with Furculo and Robert Murphy, the Democratic candidate for governor. Furculo asked Kennedy to join in an attack naming Saltonstall; Kennedy declined. Following a heated, off-camera argument between Kennedy and Furculo, who have not been friendly since their days together in the House, Jack Kennedy ended by editing a personal endorsement of Furculo out of his script and saying pointedly: "I wish you, Bob Murphy, and the entire Democratic ticket every success in November."

Kennedy is a big name in Massachusetts politics; so is Saltonstall. If Kennedy were going all out for him, Furculo might have a better chance. As it is, Lev Saltonstall should win.

Opposites in Illinois

Illinois ranks as a key state in U.S. politics by virtue of its size (pop. 8,712,176, the nation's fourth largest), its strategic location in the heart of the Midwest, and its recent history as the bitterly disputed battleground of a strongly liberal Democratic Party and a strongly conservative Republican Party. It is a state in which such political disparities as Adlai Stevenson and Colonel Robert McCormick exert great influence. Its present U.S. Senators—Democrat Paul Douglas and Republican Everett McKinley Dirksen—stand at extreme political poles, representing almost equal segments of Illinois opinion. This year Illinois voters again have the clear sort of choice they seem to demand. Incumbent Paul Douglas is in the fight of his life against Republican Joseph Meek; for almost 20 years a retail merchant-lobbyist. Rarely, even in Illinois, have two candidates differed so greatly, both politically and personally—and nowhere are these differences so evident as in the day-by-day campaign styles of Paul Douglas and Joe Meek.

Joe v. the Perfesser. At 5 o'clock one morning last week, Joe Meek bounded out of bed, put on his glasses, and sat down to write his own speeches for a 15-hour campaign day. Finished with that, he gulped his breakfast and took off in a battered station wagon on a tour of four central Illinois county seats. His entourage consisted of a driver and a newsman. In Lincoln, Meek worked both sides of the street, entering bars, shops, hotel lobbies, and every place else with an unlocked door. To all, he carried the same friendly, beaming message: "I'm Joe Meek and I'm doing a little politicking."

In Lincoln's white-frame Recreation Hall, Joe manfully downed his ham, scalloped potatoes and Jello salad. Then he got up to deliver an oration, heavily larded, as usual, with references to Paul Douglas, onetime faculty member at the University of Chicago, as "The Perfesser from the Midway" and the "Senior Socialist Senator from Illinois."

"I've seen three wars under Democratic regimes," said Meek. "I've seen the Democrats impose an income tax, even though they were warned that the power to tax is the power to destroy. I've seen three New Deal Presidents trying to wreck the nation. I've seen Mr. Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman shedding the blood of American boys. I don't blame Mr. Wilson as much as the other two—at least he didn't work with Communist Russia. I'm against price controls that have no real purpose. I don't want American boys to die on foreign battlefields. I'm very fond of this tax-reform

© Named for sometime Railroad Lobbyist Abe Lincoln, who was attorney for the three men who founded the town. Lincoln himself advised against naming the town after him because "I never knew anything named Lincoln that amounted to much." Later he christened the town by ceremoniously dripping watermelon juice on the ground.

program which my opponent, the Medicine Man from the Midway, in true demagogic fashion, says is a disaster for the country. I believe in collective bargaining. I want to slice foreign handouts. I'm for our flexible farm program, which is not going to hurt the farmer. If all this makes me an old fogey, that's O.K. with me."

After Lincoln, Meek headed at 75 m.p.h. to Paxton, thence to Bloomington and finally to Pontiac, where he spoke that night in a grade-school gymnasium. When his speech was over, he hustled outside. There, with the moonbeams filtering down through the elms, he stood for nearly an hour; in that time he shook some 470 hands. To one man he commented: "What a nice sweater." Spotting a G.O.P. precinct worker, he said: "You're doing a grand job." A middle-aged woman got

Decatur, machinists in Rockford, farm machinery workers in Rock Island, railroaders in Moline, miners in West Frankfort. Caterpillar workers in Peoria, tank builders in Alton, the farmers in the drought area, auto dealers, grocers and other merchants across the state . . . The figures of these men and women of Illinois whom I have seen don't lie when they say we are in economic difficulties, and we had better do something about it . . . To hear the Republicans' political orators constantly berating those of us who want to look the economic facts in the face as prophets of doom and gloom, you might think the welfare of the nation is for them merely a jolly game of blindman's buff."

Douglas continued his practice of not referring to Joe Meek by name; instead, he calls his opponent "the Republican Rip



DEMOCRAT DOUGLAS & REPUBLICAN MEEK
Help from psychiatrists and praise for a sweater.

Associated Press

a "You sure look good tonight, ma'am," and a toothless oldster got a "Hi, young fella." A man asked: "They treating you rough, Joe?" Replied Meek: "No, I'm just punch-drunk." When he saw a married couple departing, he said to the wife: "Won't he stay for the dance? Make the old fossil take you." The pair smiled, and kept going—and so did Joe Meek. His hopes for defeating Douglas rest largely on his leaving no Illinois hand unshaken.

Douglas v. Rip van Winkle. In Room 915 of Peoria's Pere Marquette Hotel, Paul Douglas arose at 3 a.m., after eight hours' sleep. He did some paper work, looked over a speech, then drove out to deliver it to the Illinois State Federation of Labor at the Peoria armory. As he has for nearly two years, he bore down heavily on the Illinois economic situation.

"It doesn't take a man with a microscope or a Geiger counter to find the signs of economic slack in Illinois," said Douglas. "I have talked with auto workers in

van Winkle who has slept 20 years in Lobbyland, and a man who was dragged screaming into the 20th century."

The Prophet. That afternoon, Douglas ate alone in his hotel room, then walked half a block to the place of his next meeting. On the sidewalk outside, a big wooden barrel, its top piled with hard crackers, set the motif. To the woman who had organized the "cracker-barrel discussion," Douglas smiled and paid a tribute that would have merely puzzled Joe Meek. Said he: "You're a great catalyst." An elderly man asked a question about pensions. Said Douglas: "Pensions should be actuarial, based on, say, retirement at 65. Thus, if you work until 68 the pension should be higher, or less if you retire at 62." Questioned about federal hospital grants, Douglas replied: "Hospital construction costs are crippling us; we must somehow get a much lower construction cost per foot." He had no ready answer for the psychiatrist who



CANDIDATE CASE AT BELLEVILLE (N.J.) WOMAN'S CLUB
Under the splash, a smiling Joe.

told him: "Three of the six psychiatrists in Peoria are on the Citizens for Douglas Committee, and we can vouch fully for your emotional stability."

Douglas ended his day by recording a radio interview, walking eight blocks to visit a political supporter who runs a bar (and wasn't there), and making a television appearance in which he again stressed the economic issue.

If Douglas defeats Joe Meek—and, as of last week, he was a slight favorite in the close race—he can thank his success in establishing himself as the leading U.S. prophet of recession and depression. Wrote Douglas, in a syndicated newspaper column last week: "All told, there are 280,000 people reported out of a job in Illinois . . . The Democratic Party has shown that it has a program to produce an ever-growing prosperity." Had it? Douglas did not mention that in the wartime year 1951-52, under President Truman and Governor Stevenson, there were 277,000 unemployment-compensation beneficiaries in Illinois. And in 1948-49, the last peace-time year under the Democratic Administration, the number was 319,000.

Back in the Gutter

After treatment for his ailing sinuses, Joe McCarthy strode out of Bethesda Naval Medical Center one day last week and immediately began splashing around in the political gutter. Summoning the press, the Wisconsin Senator announced that he is "supporting all of the Republican candidates" this year except one. The exception: New Jersey Senatorial Candidate Clifford Case, who early in the campaign denounced McCarthy as a "distracting and divisive" force in the Republican Party and in the nation. McCarthy was opposed to Case for "reasons I think will be made public before election." With a sneer, he vaguely referred to some "mortal" about Case.

Not Far—N.Y. Herald Tribune

Seams of McCarthyism. At that point the McCarthyite Newark *Star-Ledger* took over. Under a six-column headline, hard by a two-column picture of a smiling Joe McCarthy, the *Star-Ledger* reported that the "material" concerned Case's sister Adelaide. The newspaper said that former Communist Bella V. Dodd remembered Adelaide Case "as an active member of several Communist-front groups I helped organize." When Clifford Case saw the story, he canceled all other campaign activities to prepare his reply to this "gutter politics."

Within a few hours after the story was published, more seams of McCarthyism began to show. Bella Dodd, a New York lawyer, said that she had known a "middle-aged" Adelaide Case in Communist-front organizations in 1940 and 1941, but she "never related her to" Clifford Case and did not know Case's sister. There was another, older Adelaide Case, no kin, who was a teacher at Teachers College, Columbia University, and who died in 1948.

This week Clifford Case sat before the television cameras and quietly called the story about his sister a dirty smear. His sister, a physical-education teacher at the exclusive Kingswood School for Girls near Detroit, had flown to New York to help him draft the reply. Said Case: "The Adelaide Case mentioned by Bella Dodd was not my sister . . . The Adelaide Case Miss Dodd knew in 1943 was then a middle-aged woman . . . my sister Adelaide was only 31 at that time . . . was then teaching physical education in Boston . . . She never heard of Miss Dodd, or the activities described by Miss Dodd."

"**Smear Me If You Can.**" With obvious pain, Clifford Case added that "Adelaide and I believe there are some other things you should know." Then he revealed the little stain from which the big smear had grown. About a year ago his sister was hospitalized with a severe nerv-

ous disorder. When her illness was acute, she said she was concerned because she once belonged to a left-wing study club. Case did everything he could to check her disconnected story, even asked the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover for help. Finally, Case concluded there was nothing to the story. Now recovered from her illness, Adelaide recalls "that she met with a small group of people . . . several times a month to discuss political issues of the wartime period. There is nothing that she told me to suggest that this had been anything more than a completely open association . . . which ended years ago."

With that, Clifford Case had a final sharp word: "I have just one thing to say to these character assassins: Adelaide Case is not running for the Senate. Clifford Case is the candidate. Smear me if you can. Leave my sister alone."

KENTUCKY

End of a Feud

In Kentucky's Clay County Walter Webb came to be considered almost immortal until vengeance drew a good bead on him this month and he turned out to be only human. Last week grie mourners climbed up the jagged dirt road—really a dry creek-bed—to his farm for the burial. "There was tears shed from every eye," said his daughter Zola. "It was the most hurt crowd I ever saw." Three ministers invoked blessings and golden chrysanthemums were piled high on the grave. Then the kinfolk and the curious drifted away, leaving Widow Dorie Webb and the five children alone in the ramshackle house on the wild, hard land.

They Ran Him Home. Walter Webb, big, strong and blue-eyed, was once a soldier and twice married. He was too vivid to be ignored, too likable when sober, too lethal when drunk. He killed his best friend in a quarrel over local politics and was put away for two years, although Dorie always said, "He done it in self-defense." In 1944, to avenge another killing, Webb and a friend shot down a man in broad daylight at Hen's Corner, a moonshine saloon in the county seat of Manchester (pop., 1,706). Under oath Webb testified so robustly with such good humor, that they both went free.

In 1949 he killed Billy White in a woman's room, dueling to the death before her eyes. Webb later explained: "He kept on popping lead at me. I knew I was going to hell, and I figured he should go down too." He was never tried, but thereafter was always on trial for his life. On a lonely road a machine gun put 48 holes in his car and 14 bullets in his legs. In ten months he was ambushed four times. He was hit 30 times in all, but defiantly he proclaimed: "The Lord is with me and he will never let them steal my life."

Bullets raked his 320 lean and hilly acres, killed a hog, a mule and a dog, and pained daughter Zola's left ear. Webb thought it best to go away for awhile. For two years he worked in Hamilton, Ohio, and made his name there slashing off a

man's ear in a fight. He came back often, disguised sometimes in his 80-year-old mother's pink bonnet and skirt. This spring he thrust away all fear and came home for good. "They run me home, and that's as far as I'm going," he said.

They Laid Him Low. One day early this month, a rifleman waited patiently in the tall corn near the home pasture, until, at twilight, Webb began to plow. The legend was that Webb wore armor and could only be killed by a bullet in the brain. The marksman aimed carefully, and at 200 feet his aim was true. He fired twice again—while daughter Ursley Jean raised her father in her arms—and hit Webb twice again, but the first bullet was enough.

At first, nobody in Clay County believed that Walter Webb was dead, at 50, and then everybody said his death was inevitable and long overdue. The law of officers promised to find the sniper but, with all their bloodhounds, they never had found the other men who shot at Walter Webb. "I wouldn't want a better man," said Dorie Webb. "I wouldn't even want to look for one."

ARMED FORCES

Pipe Trouble

The U.S. Navy's first atomic submarine, the \$55 million *Nutilus*, ran into trouble without leaving the dock. Last month a steam pipe outside the nuclear reactor burst during dockside trials. Last week the Navy learned why. The General Dynamics Electric Boat Division, which built the *Nutilus*, had mixed together seamless and welded pipes in its warehouses—and in the *Nutilus*. Weak welded pipes burst under pressure which would have been withstood by the specified seamless piping. Moreover, it turned out that piping was mixed up too in Electric Boat's second atomic submarine, the *Sea Wolf*, now abuilding. After a careful checkup, the Navy blamed the trouble not on sabotage but on carelessness. Electric Boat fired the man who slipped up—a warehouse foreman with 42 years' service—and will pay for repairs. But the mistake will delay the Navy's atomic submarine program from three to six months.

Start of the B-58

The Air Force last week announced that it has ordered production to begin on its first supersonic jet bomber, the B-58 Hustler. To be built at Fort Worth by Consolidated Vultee, the B-58 can carry the hydrogen bomb, but will have to be based at Alaskan or overseas fields because of its relatively short range. The new medium bomber will probably not replace the 600 m.p.h. B-47 for at least two years.

The Air Force also ordered Lockheed Aircraft Corp. to begin work at Burbank, Calif. on the F-104, a lightweight, high-speed fighter. The F-104 grew out of demands by U.S. fighter pilots in Korea for a lighter, more maneuverable fighter for use against Red interceptors.

VETERANS

The Hoax

Utah Congressman Douglas R. Stringfellow, 32, supporting himself with canes and leg braces, made his way painfully into a studio at Salt Lake City's television station KSL-TV one night last week. He had come to talk about his war record.

Stringfellow had been talking about the same subject for years. A paraplegic veteran of World War II, he got a job as an Ogden, Utah, radio announcer. In his spare time he made scores of speeches to Mormon church gatherings and civic groups. The story, as it evolved after hundreds of repetitions, was that he had been assigned to the OSS, parachuted behind German lines with 20 other men and kidnapped a German atomic scientist named Otto Hahn. Every other member of the mission, Stringfellow said, was later killed. He said that he was captured and tortured, then escaped to France, where he was crippled by a land mine.

The story was so good that Stringfellow began to get speaking dates far and wide. He collected a mantelful of awards from civic and veterans' organizations, and this year he was named by the junior chamber of commerce as one of the ten most outstanding young men in the nation. He ran for Congress as a Republican in 1952 and won easily. Up for re-election this fall, he looked a sure winner. This year his story was told on nationwide TV programs (*This Is Your Life* and *Suspense*).

But persistent reports began to be heard that Stringfellow's story was not true. When reporters tried to check with the

Defense Department, they were met by a strange reticence, which turned out to be fear of offending a Congressman. Last week the *Army Times*, an unofficial military journal, said that the Stringfellow story would not hold water. He blustered about a libel suit and asked President Eisenhower to open secret CIA files. Next day Stringfellow was called into a huddle with Utah's two Republican Senators, Arthur Watkins and Wallace F. Bennett (both fellow Mormons). Under their questioning, he caved in, and that night he told the TV audience the truth.

He said that in his early speeches he was repeatedly asked for more details about his war record. Said Stringfellow: "Somewhere along the line, the idea . . . was integrated in introductions that Doug Stringfellow was a war hero . . . Like many other persons suddenly thrust into the limelight, I rather thrived on the adulation and new-found popularity . . . I began to embellish my speeches with more picturesque and fanciful incidents. I fell into a trap, which in part had been laid by my own glib tongue." The facts, he said, were these: "I was never an OSS agent. I never participated in any secret, behind-the-lines mission . . . I never captured Otto Hahn or any other German physicist . . . I wish before my Heavenly Father that I might undo this wrong. Stringfellow offered to withdraw from the election if the party asked him.

After the program he sobbed in the arms of his wife, while kindly old Arthur Watkins looked on. This week the Utah Republican leaders called a meeting to decide what to do about Doug Stringfellow.



STRINGFELLOW (SEATED) & WIFE, WITH SENATOR WATKINS IN TV STUDIO
For "This Is Your Life," a sad revision.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

THE REAL CRIME OF THE AMERICANS

INDRO MONTANELLI, Italian political analyst and author, writing in Milan's respected Corriere della Sera:

WHY is America so unpopular even in those countries which she has liberated and subsequently helped to rebuild and rescue from starvation? It is a legitimate question which I myself would ask if I were an American and, as such, had lost, let us say, one son in Normandy to save France. The only country which might have some reason for ingratitude is Germany. Yet Germany is the only country which looks amicably at the ex-enemy.

Of all the objective causes with which we justify our feeling of rancor against an enemy, guilty of having beaten us in a war which we declared, there's not one that holds good. They have taken from us neither ships, nor cannons, nor a foot of land; they treated our prisoners with great humanity; they have given us 40 billion lire [\$65 million]. Unfortunately all these claims on our gratitude are obscured by one defect of which there isn't the slightest hope that Americans can be cured because it's in their blood, it's constitutional. It is the craze for improving us, for making us try to be in every way kinder to each other, juster, richer, happier.

The real trouble—the great inexplicable crime of the Americans—is that they really are better than us Europeans. I don't say more intelligent. Neither would I say that the Americans are more cultured, capable, refined or courageous. I only say that they are better intentioned, ready to sacrifice the individual for the common good, more candid, more trusting of others and more ready than we are to see the good rather than the bad side of things.

It upsets all our criteria which for centuries have trained us to look for evil behind the mask of innocence, and to oppose it with malice even more subtle and perverse. The whole of Europe is envious of America, envious of her power, her well-being.

BRITAIN HAS ABANDONED ITS ISOLATIONISM

WOODROW WYATT, anti-Bevan Laborite M.P., in the New York Times Magazine:

[Britons] have always felt themselves to be set a little apart from the rest of the world. They have a distrust, which is not the same as dislike, of foreigners who would be incomprehensible to Americans accustomed through many years of immigration to accepting racial differences without surprise. But the

post-war world has provided much evidence of a relaxation of the old British attitude. Self-sufficiency was obviously impossible to Britain and the Commonwealth in 1945. The minimum involvement in Europe consistent with European stability and British defense was Britain's aim. That minimum was a substantial effort in terms of rearmament programs and the stationing of the major part of Britain's armored divisions in Germany. It entailed an official abandonment of the belief that the Channel could be a defense. That has been the starting point of the post-war move away from isolationism.

Britain has always had her continental and world-wide alliances, but it has never stopped her from dreaming of a life in community with the Commonwealth and apart from everyone else. In this new European army she will be almost on the same footing as everyone else. Geography is closing in on the reluctant British. They will fight to make Europe a "second force" which will contain their old isolationism in a new and larger form. They will intertwine it with the age-old instinct which always leads Britain to attempt to maintain the status quo at an equilibrium and with the longing which all Britons have—but know now that they can never fulfill—to be "a right little, tight little island."

BRITAIN SHOULD TURN TO FRANCE NOT THE U.S.

Britain's anti-American NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, which is ever alert for alternatives to Anglo-American unity:

There is a feeling abroad in France that the era when French interests could be flouted and French governments bullied into acquiescence is now over. For the first time since 1940, France has become a subject, not an object, of world politics. The strength of this feeling is the real measure of Mendès-France's political realism, which was demonstrated yet again by last Tuesday's vote of confidence in the Assembly. The politicians and the parties would have liked to drag him down. They dared not do so. We welcome this French revival. Without it, Britain would certainly have been in a very few years part of a Western alliance committed to a war policy of rolling back the Russians out of Eastern Germany and Eastern Europe.

If, in defiance of French national will, London and Washington are infatuated enough to insist on German rearmament, then the French are entitled to obtain what security they can against the evil consequences of their allies' blindness. Yet this does not mean that the issue is settled. The French Prime Minister still has a chance of preventing the Treaty

ever coming into force. Having appeased his allies and thereby restored Western unity, Mendès-France must surely use the position of strength thus created in order to seek negotiations with the Russians for a German peace treaty. When that French initiative comes, what will the British attitude be? Shall we continue to maintain that German rearmament is something desirable on its own merits, and join with Mr. Dulles in stifling French diplomacy? Or shall we join the French in trying to reach a realistic understanding with the Soviet Union in the vital months which will elapse between ratification of the Treaty and its implementation in terms of actual German divisions?

THE WORM ALWAYS TURNS

HISTORIAN ARNOLD TOYNBEE, in the British monthly Encounter:

Is there anything truly permanent in the universe with which we human beings can have any kind of communion? This is a question with which the elusiveness of history is bound to confront us; but it is a question that points beyond time and therefore beyond history too. We have seen that "objective" history is always elusive. The historian's most sincere attempts to grasp it are always partly baffled by the inescapable subjectiveness of his own point of view. Might not an omnipotent dictator, armed with new weapons of psychological technique, be able to cut his subjects off completely from all contact with the objective past? Might he be able to impose on them a view of history that was wholly subjective, and in which the subjective point of view was, not theirs, but his? Could this dictator's paradise ever become practical politics?

Happily, there are at least two obstacles in real life to the achievement of any such diabolical design. [One] obstacle lies in the impossibility of keeping every living human soul psychologically conditioned simultaneously. In history up to date, there has been no schooling that has been able to guarantee to tyrants that their subjects will not revolt at last at some intolerable turn of the screw. The revolting-point may be reached sooner in Irishmen than in Germans, and sooner in Germans than in Russians or in Chinese; but in all human beings, hitherto, there has always been a point at which the worm has turned. Even when we have made all allowance for the application of new psychological techniques in the service of tyranny, past experience seems to make it unlikely that human tyrants will ever succeed in taking mankind right out of history, so long as human life—and, with it, Man's mulish nature—continues to survive on Earth.

FOREIGN NEWS

FAR EAST

Three Giants

The West had almost lost itself in a happy daydream of satisfaction as Western Europe at last seemed to move toward a sound defensive posture. But last week a cold blast from the Far East brought it back to reality with a start.

Communism was on the move in Asia, massively and triumphantly. Ho Chi Minh moved into Hanoi as the non-Communist forces retreated sullenly before him, bickering in a fashion which suggested that, before long, Ho might also be moving into Saigon and all of Indo-China.

But the biggest triumph was Red China's.

The Chinese bargained with Soviet

Khrushchev, traveled 7,000 miles to negotiate in Peking.

As if to solemnize China's new status, India's Jawaharlal Nehru went northward to pay his court. As the leader of the world's second biggest nation (350 million), Nehru would call on Mao Tse-tung, the leader of the world's largest (600 million). With Russia, the third largest (210 million), they comprised nearly half of mankind. The significance was not lost on Nehru. His visit was a "world event in a historic sense," said he grandly, "one of the biggest events of the year and of the decade. All other things are trivial."

Westerners, looking at the huge bloc which China, Russia and India make on a map, contemplating with awe the swarming myriads of Asian manpower,

if he had discussed the "renaturalization of Formosa" or the "so-called Yalu River sanctuary," brushed them off as "a couple of catchy phrases that don't mean much." Choosing his words with care, he declared: "I will say that I know of no place in the world today where Communism can attack with impunity."

The Russo-Chinese Pact

From Peking and Moscow one day last week, the Communist radio trumpeted the news of "the seven accords" between the old and the new giants of Communism. The accords were clothed in clichés: "The negotiations took place in an atmosphere of sincere friendship." In bombast: "The continued occupation by the U.S. of [Formosa] . . . is incompatible with



Russia over territory and prerogatives and won (*see below*). Whether the Russians yielded to Chinese strength or merely found it expedient to appear to do so, the unblinking fact was on paper that Russia made all the concessions: it returned a military base and agreed to withdraw its troops, gave up economic privileges, and by handing over its share in joint companies tacitly abandoned—for now at least—it's grab for the resources of the outer Chinese province of Sinkiang.

No Red satellite had ever won such concessions, or even the appearance of them, from the harsh bargainers of the Kremlin. They testified that the Red dynasty of Peking, in only five years of power, had achieved the strength and status of partnership with Red Russia. The evidence was in the language of communiqués ("increased defensive potential," and "accumulation of necessary economic experience"). It was evident even more in the way the accords were struck. Four years ago, Mao Tse-tung himself meekly trooped off to Moscow, signed, under Stalin's eye, the treaty leaving the strategic Port Arthur region in Russian hands. This time Mao did not go to Moscow. Three of the top Russian rulers, headed by No. 2 man, Nikita

could not deny it. Khrushchev, before returning to Moscow last week, conveyed the measure of it with an old Chinese saying: "When the whole people sigh, there is a storm; when the whole people stamp their feet, there is an earthquake."

Once Russia Has the Ability

The Russians will launch a Pacific war in 1956, said Nationalist China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek this week, in an interview with the United Press. All that they are waiting for, he added, is the completion of a giant network of railroads, transecting China vertically and horizontally and linking the Asian land mass with Russia.

Two days before Chiang made his statement, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson returned to Washington from a flying visit with him. Reports had circulated that Robertson's mission was made to halt Nationalist air attacks on the Red China coast. These reports, said Robertson, were wrong.

The Reds had invited air attack last month by shelling Quemoy, the offshore Nationalist stronghold; this month the shelling died down, and Chiang held back his air punch pending the next round. In any case, the U.S. has no intention of chaining down his forces. Robertson, asked

peace in the Far East." In sweet talk: "The Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic will continue to build their relations with . . . other countries on the basis of strict observance of . . . territorial integrity."

Underneath, the accords wore the look of deep cooperation between Moscow and Peking. Most of the points were Russian concessions. The Russians agreed:

¶ To evacuate their ice-free Manchurian naval base at Port Arthur (pop. 142,000) by the end of May, thereby ending a ten-year military occupation.

¶ To extend another \$130 million in long-term credits to Peking.

¶ To sell back (for easy payments of Chinese exports) their share of four joint Soviet-Chinese companies in Red China now that the Chinese "can themselves manage the activity of enterprises." This was on the surface a major concession. Joint companies are the standard Soviet devices for establishing control of satellite economies. Two of the companies had clamped a Soviet hold on the exploitation of Sinkiang's oil and mineral resources.

¶ To help Red China set up 15 new heavy industrial projects, build two railroads out from Central China to the Russian border.

The Russians also joined, at least with moral support, in Red China's campaign

NEWS IN PICTURES



ROCKETS & PINWHEELS, designed by the masters of the craft, explode above Peking holiday crowds carrying Red flags and chanting wildly for armed "liberation" of Formosa.

PEKING: FIVE YEARS RED

WITH fireworks, floodlights and a flexing of military muscles, Communist China celebrated its National Day, Oct. 1, marking the fifth anniversary of the People's Republic. All day and most of the night, a throng of half a million (by Communist count) pressed into the vast square of the Gate of Heavenly Peace for the celebrations. These first pictures offer striking evidence that the Moscow pattern of regimentation has taken hold in the ancient Eastern capital.

MILITARY PARADE displayed infantry regiments and antiaircraft battalions, here shows off Russian-style T-34 medium tanks with 85-mm. guns, and flight of TU-70 bombers.

Eastfoto





WOMEN ATHLETES, among 500,000 other National Day marchers, stride past Mao Tse-tung and Communist government officials in Heavenly Peace Gate reviewing stand.

CIVILIAN MARCHERS demonstrate unity of Red world with propaganda peace doves and blow-ups of Communist saints, e.g., Marx, Lenin, Voroshilov and China's own Mao.



against Formosa—while carefully avoiding any outright commitment to support any Red Chinese invasion. The two Red partners also used the occasion to woo Japan, urged the Japanese to "liberate" themselves from the U.S. Significantly, the accords totally transformed the status of Japan in Communist eyes. Before, Japan had been portrayed as an "aggressive threat and tool" of the American imperial-

INDO-CHINA

Triumph & Decay

In Hanoi, Viet Minh officials, all correctness and efficiency, moved into city offices as if they had always owned them. Viet Minh propagandists set up scores of "centers of political education for the people." Past fluttering banks of gold-starred flags, wispy Ho Chi Minh returned trium-

Hinh went around Saigon's cafés boasting that he could bring off a *coup d'état* any time. "Diem doesn't know the people, and the people don't like him," Hin said. "He has two good qualities. He's honest and pure. So is my daughter."

Frittering Away. Scrupulous to avoid any show of interference, U.S. diplomatic officials watched in helpless silence last week as the squabbling Vietnamese frittered away the few months' pre-election "breathing space" that was the only asset anyone in the non-Communist world could claim for the Geneva settlement. But Montana's able Senator Mike Mansfield, returning from a two-month survey of Indo-China, said publicly what officials could only mutter privately.

The outlook in Viet Nam, reported Mansfield bluntly, is "grim and discouraging." Diem is a virtual prisoner in his residence, the victim of "an incredible campaign of subversion by intrigue." His "constructive program . . . remains largely a paper program. It is kept that way by a kind of conspiracy of noncooperation and sabotage by those who oppose him." The army "is on the way to being converted into the private army of its commander" for political use, said Mansfield. "The petty-power groups in South Viet Nam appear completely oblivious to the overhanging shadow of the Viet Minh, which before long may envelop them all unless they put aside their factionalism. Even now, there is little to stand in their way."

Mansfield saw only a dim chance of a free Viet Nam government capable of beating the Reds in the 1956 elections, which will decide the fate of Indo-China. The Defense Department agreed with Mansfield's assessment. If free elections were held today, one official conceded, "the Communists would win in a sweep."



Ho CHI MINH & FRIENDLY INDIAN* (IN THAINGUEN)
Dinner from the emperor's plates.

United Press

ists, and used as a pretext for the need for Russian troops in Port Arthur. In the accords, Japan was transformed to a "victim" of U.S. occupation.

Equality? In military terms, the agreement had little meaning: after next May 31 the Russians would still enjoy "joint use" of the Port Arthur base with their good friends of Red China. In any event, the Russians had the use of a second ice-free port at Dairen, a handy 25 miles up the Liao Tung peninsula from Port Arthur. But the agreements let Peking spread the impression that it had been able to force the Russians to withdraw.

Westerners could only guess what inspired the accords. Some speculated that Russia had been forced to grant concessions to keep rambunctious Red China in line. Others speculated that Russia and Red China were moving more closely together, that the best opportunities for world revolution lay in Asia and that Red China was to be allowed, encouraged and built up to lead it.

Boost in Prestige. Whatever the Russian motives, the agreement was a great new boost for Red China's prestige: Mao Tse-tung and Co. could henceforth stand before their own discontented peoples and their impressionable neighbors as Asians who had proved strong enough to negotiate their big Russian brothers and profit. On the other hand, the Russian Communists were also cleverly boosting their own prestige in Asia, giving new impetus to their new campaign to prove themselves reasonable folk who could be lived with.

phantly to the city from which he fled in 1946 to hide in the jungle and mastermind Communism's war for Indo-China. He moved into the old French governor-general's palace. His eight years of exile at an end, he grandly wined and dined India's Premier Nehru. They ate off plates once used by Emperor Bao Dai.

To the south, in the non-Communist half of Indo-China, the story was basically different. In Saigon, Premier Ngo Dinh Diem struggled against heavy odds to keep his shaky government alive. Every petty chieftain and palace politician—with a few friends and a few guns seemed to be demanding a share of power. Diem had few friends and no guns.

Many Guns. Emperor Bao Dai had dipped a negligent finger into the troubled waters, sent orders to Diem from his comfortable villa in Cannes to take three bitter rivals into his Cabinet. One was General Le Van Kien, whose principal qualification for office was that he headed the Binh Xuyen, a "religious" sect which controls the city's police and also Saigon's gambling (last spring Bao Dai gave him control of the national "sureté," too). Another was General Nguyen Van Xuan, who had been Premier of Viet Nam in 1946. The third was General Nguyen Van Hinh, chief of staff of the army, who was still defying Diem's orders to quit his command and leave Indo-China.

For three weeks Diem stalled while

* India's M. J. Desai, chairman of the International Armistice Commission in Viet Nam.

INDIA

Nehru Moves Left

"Dear Comrade," wrote Jawaharlal Nehru to each member of his Cabinet. "On the eve of my visit to China, I venture to write to you to dispel doubts and rumors." In 1,300 loosely strung words, the leader of the world's second most populous nation proclaimed that he would not run for re-election as Congress Party president when his term expires next January and would not "function as Prime Minister for at least some time." Instead, said handsomely aging (64) Nehru, he wanted time to read and think while others showed how they could run India.

The letter created the stir that Nehru intended, and its purpose quickly showed through. Nehru was using the threat of resignation to beat down the moderate-and-right-wingers inside his Cabinet and fix India on a leftist course: more socialism at home, more flirting with Communism abroad. "Gandhi often renounced active membership in the Congress Party when he had difficulties," recalled the *Free Press Journal* of Bombay. "[Nehru] has been unable to conceal his impatience with India's slow progress toward the So-

cialist State," reported Calcutta's influential *Amrita Bazar Patrika*.

New Directions. Increasingly petulant of late, and bothered by sieges of insomnia, Nehru has been secretly quarreling with Cabinet and party colleagues. The strict cold war neutrality to which he pledged India has gradually been changing into a program to undermine such Western undertakings as the Manila pact and to persuade the nations of Asia into a chain of "nonaggression" pacts with Red China. These pacts would specifically exclude Western influence from Asia, entrust the security of non-Communist countries to promises from Communist China. Nehru has been insistent upon making Far-Left-Winger V. K. Krishna Menon (TIME, Oct. 18) his Foreign Minister. He has been praising Red China's "village Communism," even suggesting that India should consider adopting some Red Chinese economic ideas without also taking on harsher Communist habits, such as shooting landlords.

Nehru's colleagues (many of whom went to jail with him in the long struggle for independence) and the Indian constitution (which Nehru did much to frame) are standing in Nehru's way. Congress Party moderates prefer more neutrality than Nehru now seems to envisage; some Cabinet ministers even threaten to resign if Nehru elevates the unpopular Menon to the Foreign Ministry. The constitution has a "fundamental rights" clause, which guarantees private property from seizure without good compensation.

"Now Is the Time." Nehru now sees the anti-seizure clause as an obstacle to "social justice." Said he recently to a big crowd near Bombay: "The constitution is not as sacred as some think . . . These things chain us." To a conference of engineers assigned to river-valley projects he cried: "Now is the time to go as fast as if the devil is on our heels. To hell with the man who cannot keep pace."

As for the ministers and politicians who oppose him, none can stand for long against Jawaharlal Nehru. The chosen political instrument of Mahatma Gandhi and the great man's successor, he is still the village spellbinder, the favorite of India's masses. The Congress Party, riddled with corruption and disliked by Indians at large, has no one else of Nehru's stature (Indians sometimes refer to Congress politicos as "pygmies in high chairs") and cannot hope to cling to power without him. If the threat to resign does not in itself quiet the opposition, Nehru is safe in gambling that his actual retirement from the scene for a few months next year would have the politicians crying for him to come back, stronger than ever.

Comfortable in this knowledge, Prime Minister Nehru departed for Red Peking and waystops last week with a big smile (in spite of a bad case of the sniffles) and a firm promise that, on his return, he would be ready to get down to business about some changes in foreign policy and "the whole approach" to India's domestic problems.

PAKISTAN

Tea Is Not Enough

"Horace Greeley said, 'Go West, young man.' I say to the investor who is young and vigorous in mind, 'Go East or West Pakistan, my friend. You will find a warm welcome and a rich reward.'"

With these words, Pakistan's vigorous young (45) Premier Mohammed Ali last week announced a new policy to lure U.S. money to his struggling young (7) country. To an audience of U.S. businessmen in Manhattan, Ali sounded a dramatic new note from Asia, whose newly independent governments, still resentful of colonialism's old wrongs and jealous of their new independence, have made things tough for Western investors. Most have heavily taxed foreign businesses, limited their profits, refused to let even those profits out of the country, and demanded majority control of companies built wholly by foreign money. Western investment was slowly being choked out at the very time that Asia most needed the strength of economic development to ward off Communism.

Fields of Jute. Mohammed Ali was candid. The 1947 partition which created the Moslem state of Pakistan left it an agricultural country. It had vast fields of jute but not a single mill to convert it to burlap. To balance the economy, Pakistan needed industries. Some, the government has built itself. But "the best method of industrialization is through the investment of private venture capital," said Ali. Voicing the creed of a convinced free enterpriser, he declared: "It was the adventurous risk capital of the 19th century that built the fortress of industrial strength the U.S. enjoys today. We in

Pakistan appreciate . . . that it is not enough to offer a warm welcome and a friendly cup of tea . . . Incentives must be given to industrialists before they can be expected to undertake new ventures in a foreign and distant land."

His country, sixth most populous in the world, is prepared, said Ali, to offer these incentives:

¶ Investors will be allowed to take out their profits in their original currency. "Those who invest dollars quite naturally want to get dollars in return."

¶ The government will guarantee repatriation of foreign investments. "This includes capital investment, capital gains and reinvested profits."

¶ Foreign investors will be allowed to hold up to 60% (i.e., majority control) of the capital of a new industry. Only exception: public utilities.

¶ Tax concessions for new industries will be granted.

"Why are we doing this?" said Mohammed Ali. "A cynic might say that we aren't doing it for our health. Well, he would be wrong. That's exactly what we are doing it for."

"**God Gave Us a Mind.**" U.S. officials, though pleased, sounded a note of caution. Pakistan is suffering from a lack of foreign exchange, has at the moment no dollars to remit any profits or repatriate any capital. Ali was taking the bold and worthwhile gamble that in five years or so, the influx of foreign capital and the benefits it brought would give Pakistan enough foreign exchange to make good on his pledge.

It was a gamble that the U.S. would do well to back. Pakistan is the U.S.'s most faithful friend in Southeast Asia, has defied India's displeasure to stand with



PAKISTAN'S MOHAMMED ALI & JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III (IN MANHATTAN)
Hope from the capitalist's creed.

the West against Communism. "I am not a neutral, personally or politically," Ali declared. "The neutral has no mind of his own. God gave us a mind, and we should use it to come to conclusions." Ali's conclusion was that the West's capital and Asia's resources could safely collaborate in a fruitful partnership involving neither a return to colonialism nor a threat to the independence of new nations. As Ali pointed out, all Asia would be watching the result of that partnership.

WESTERN EUROPE

Putting on the Roof

In Paris this week, the builders of the West's defenses gathered about the scaffolding, rolled up their sleeves and hurried to put the roof on the achievement of the London conference before it was struck by icy gales from Moscow or by damp rot from within.

The signal to start work in earnest was given by the French National Assembly, which agreed by a surprising 3 to 1 to the principle of rearming West Germany. Though not France's final fiat, the Assembly vote gave the West fair hope that by next spring the first West German soldiers will march into the NATO defense line.

A formidable array of problems, demands and contradictory claims would still have to be resolved before the new structure could really come into being. This week, the allied statesmen would come to grips with them.

First, France and Germany had to settle their dispute over the Saar, the rich nugget of coal and steel which both have coveted for centuries. Second, Dulles of the U.S., Eden of Great Britain, Adenauer of West Germany, and Mendès-France of France had to meet and nail down the formula for giving West Germany its sovereignty. Third, the four foreign ministers and representatives of the other five governments of the London conference must work out controls on the German armaments industry. And at week's end the 14 powers must meet to admit West Germany to NATO.

In all corners there were awkward architectural problems to be overcome. The builders, however, seemed reasonably confident.

FRANCE

Popular Premier

At last it looked as if poorly led France had found a helmsman. Nimble little Pierre Mendès-France emerged from near-obscenity to end the Indo-China war, kill off EDC and exact huge concessions from France's allies. Last week he demonstrated beyond all doubt that he is now the most popular man in France and its strongest Premier since the heyday of Charles de Gaulle.

Only four months ago he was an outsider, disliked as an intellectual and a heckler, attacked by bigots as a Jew and by fellow politicians for his unabashed

ambition. Last week, a phenomenon of 47, he was able to:

¶ Persuade the National Assembly, a sizable majority of which opposed Germany's rearmament, to vote 350 to 113 in favor of the principle of rearming West Germany and admitting it to NATO.

¶ Soften the big Socialist Party (105 Assembly seats) for an almost certain switch from hostile noncooperation to participation in the Mendès government.

¶ Win from fading Charles de Gaulle the promise that his followers will soon be freed to support Mendès and his program for France.

Voilà, un Miracle! Mendès accomplished this with a mixture of nerve, showmanship and canny political maneuver. To win the "massive majority" he desired for the London agreement, he put Socialists in a position where they risked



GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE
Surprise on the right bank.

scrapping him and his economic program, which the Socialists favor, if they tried to scrap the London proposals. Mendès drove his point home by rushing through a 6.5% bonus for industrial workers and low-ranking bureaucrats, and by promising another raise next April—if his government is still in power. The Socialist leaders, he reasoned, would hardly dare bring down a government that promised to do so much for the constituents back home.

Mendès reasoned correctly. At an urgent conference, the Socialist rank and file overruled their wavering leader, Guy Mollet, and pledged all of their party's 105 votes to the Premier. "*Voilà, un miracle!*" huffed an anti-Mendès Deputy when he heard the news. "Since the government decided to increase wages . . . it is assured a comfortable majority."

Mendès did not stop with the Assembly vote on the London agreement, but drove

for a bigger prize: Socialist participation in his government. On the telephone he offered Guy Mollet four Cabinet posts in return for Socialist support. Asked Mollet: Who will select the ministers? Answered Mendès: "*Moi.*" Soon it was common knowledge that Socialist support of the government was only a matter of time.

More than Expected. With his left flank so neatly reinforced, Mendès turned next to the right. A hint, a subtle suggestion, and General Charles de Gaulle, who once described the Mendès régime as a "mudhole," asked for an appointment with the Premier. Mendès was delighted, and after busily dodging newsmen, the two who have made the most impact on France since World War II met at the Hotel La Pérouse, an old-fashioned hotel on the right bank of the Seine.

It was De Gaulle who gave Mendès his first Cabinet appointment (as Minister of National Economy in the first De Gaulle government) and, despite their quarrels since their 90-minute conversation was friendly and productive. The general, who did most of the talking, confessed himself surprised at Mendès' accomplishments. "More than could have been expected," he allowed grudgingly. De Gaulle harked back to his favorite (and justified) theory that the constitution of the Fourth Republic makes the Premier a prisoner of the National Assembly. Until this "framework" is broken, the general saw no hope for truly stable government. But before the meeting was over, De Gaulle, the warring hero, gave Mendès, the new man of hope, a hint of even more support. Around the end of November, the general confided, he will publicly proclaim his full retirement from French political life. De Gaulle has retired before, but this time he promised Mendès that he will free the 70-odd Deputies who still remain loyal to him to vote for whom they please. By choosing to do this after showing his "loyalty" to Mendès, De Gaulle in effect would be urging their support of Mendès.

Radishes with Butter. Mendès was overjoyed. Before him lay the prospect that soon he might head the strongest and most effective coalition in the history of the Fourth Republic. His strongest single asset was his growing popularity among the most forgotten people in French politics: ordinary citizens. Opening a school here, laying a cornerstone there, Mendès was dramatizing his "New Deal" in glowing phrases. A sample: "The wind is rising, morning is here, we are at the dawn of a new France. With the French people aroused and behind him, he hopes to bend the quarreling politicians to his will.

That the politicians were already bending was demonstrated at week's end when Mendès, in his special train, barreled down to Marseilles to attend the 41st annual convention of his Radical Socialist Party. A party of seasoned individualists whose mixed-up politics have been likened to radishes ("Red on the outside, white inside, and surrounded with plenty



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of butter"), the Radicals were, as usual, quarreling. When Mendès appeared on the tribune, the tumultuous crowd of businessmen, lawyers and well-to-do farmers fell silent without a word of command.

Mendès' chief theme was hope. "Only four months ago," he said, "people spoke of France as the sick man of Europe. But . . . now we have the certainty of a great future for the Republic."

AUSTRALIA

Explosion

An ugly, long-smoldering dispute exploded last week and split Australia's brawling, sprawling Labor Party wide open. Labor Party Chief Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt, 60, openly declared war on the party's biggest single faction: the Catholic right wing, which contains almost half of Labor's membership.

A former High Court judge and Foreign Minister, whose passion to right all wrongs sometimes leads him to wrong the right, shaggy Herbert Evatt had never hit it off with his party's horn-handed, mainly Catholic trade unionists in the big cities. His indiscriminate sympathy for the underdog led him to plead the case of martyred Cardinal Mindszenty before the U.N., but it also prompted Evatt to lead the opposition when Australia's ruling Liberal Party tried—and failed—to outlaw the Communists in 1951. Evatt's defense of the Reds, high-minded as it was, provoked a rumble of discontent among his party's Catholic right wing. But the rumble grew into tumult when Evatt assailed the Petrov spy investigation (TIME, Sept. 27) as "a foul conspiracy" hatched by the conservative Liberal government. He carried on so melodramatically that the investigating Royal Commission finally barred him from participating in the hearings.

At the very next meeting of Labor party chieftains, Right Wing M.P. William Bourke picked up Evatt's "conspiracy" cry and flung it back at him: "If the conspiracy exists, you have been the leading conspirator . . . You have been, in effect, senior counsel for the Communists." Retorted an Evatt supporter: "If Dr. Evatt walked the Sea of Galilee, you'd say the Communists were holding him up."

Evatt's own response was a political bombshell: he demanded last week that Labor's federal executive purge the party of its "subversive and disloyal groups," meaning not the quasi-Communists but the Catholic Actionists (who make up 20% of the executive itself). Since one-third of Australia's voters are Catholics, Labor politicians realized that the Evatt move was an open invitation to political suicide. But Evatt and his supporters pressed on. The crisis engulfed all Australia as Evatt named names and Catholics hit back with a resolution calling for his ouster as parliamentary leader.

The anti-Evatt motion was placed before a caucus of Labor M.P.s. and at



HERBERT EVATT
An urge to purge.

week's end a preliminary roll call showed that more than half of them thought Evatt would have to go. But as chairman of the meeting, Evatt ruled the motion out of order, since no prior notice of the maneuver had been given. At this, a veteran M.P. from the gold fields called from the floor: "Doc, why don't you give the party a chance and resign?" Snapped Evatt: "I'll be damned if I do."

By adroit maneuvering, Evatt managed to postpone the showdown until this week. But whether the vote went for or against Dr. Evatt, the chief loser would be the Labor Party as a whole. Said a well-pleased Cabinet minister of the Liberal government: "We've never been so well in the saddle in 30 years."

TRIESTE

About-Face

To the surprise of almost all concerned, Russia's "new-look" promoters were even able to summon up kind words for the Western powers' Trieste settlement. Though the partition of the territory between Italy and Yugoslavia bluntly disregarded Moscow's insistence on internationalization and a role in Trieste's control, Russia's Andrei Vishinsky notified the Security Council that the Soviet Union "takes cognizance" of the Trieste agreement as one that "will promote . . . normal relations . . . and thus contribute toward a relaxation of tension." In his last words on the subject a year ago, Vishinsky had vowed to veto exactly such a solution, which replaced the peace-treaty provision for U.N.-directed internationalization. The abrupt about-face caught Italy's Reds flat-footed. On the day Vishinsky blessed the Trieste arrangement, Red Deputies in Italy's Chamber called it an "Atlantic sellout."

The Line

It is one thing to draw a line on a neat, white map in a conference room. It is something else again to impose the line onto the patchwork of tiny vineyards, minute garden patches and chicken yards that speckle a Trieste hillside. Well armed with the tools of the surveyor's profession, a detachment of the border commission in charge of dividing Trieste between Italy and Yugoslavia arrived one day last week at the two-acre plot of Luca Eller, a 65-year-old farmer of Italian extraction. The commissioners discovered that the line laid out in the Trieste agreement would cut directly through the trim, two-story red house where Eller lived with his wife, his two sons and his two granddaughters.

The Yugoslavs on the mixed commission (made up of Yugoslavs, Americans, Britons and some Italian observers) promptly suggested that the line be bent to put the entire Eller farm in Yugoslavia. While a large crowd of kibitzing Italian and Yugoslav peasants looked on, the line-drawers argued it out. The U.S. senior officer present, Major William Grower, disagreed with the Yugoslavs. He suggested that since the Ellers were Italians the line should be bent to put the farm entirely in Italy. The Yugoslavs refused. After two frustrating hours, Grower ordered a stake driven near the wall of Eller's house that put the old farmer's kitchen and two bedrooms in his native Italy, consigned the remaining six rooms plus the chicken house and stock barns to Yugoslavia. Farmer Eller started to protest but was hushed by the police. An Italian neighbor shook his head in dismay. "This is worse than Grozna," he mourned. "All they did there was separate the town from the cemetery."

Seven Brothers. The commissioners moved on, and friends comforted distraught Luca Eller with assurances that the border was still only provisional and might yet be rectified with small adjustments. (As a matter of fact, the agreement specifically provides against cutting houses in two.) Meanwhile, Luca Eller and family sadly set to moving as much furniture as they could into the Italian side of their internationalized farm house.

The Ellers had company. The seven Samec brothers, whose seven houses were clustered in a tight group near Muggia, were horrified to learn that one had been left behind in Yugoslavia after the partition. The expatriated brother promptly picked up his furniture and belongings, abandoned his house and went to live with one of his luckier kinsmen, only to be told next day that there had been an error of 90 feet in the survey. It reinstated Giusto Samec's house in Italy. "I hope this is final," said Giusto, moving back.

Safe in Sicily. Said 50-year-old Luigi Crevatini on finding that his house was on the wrong side of the frontier: "Until 1944 I lived in Fiume. Then I saw how things were going, and I moved to Capodistria. When Capodistria became Zone



Johannesburg Star

FINANCE MINISTER HAVENGA (LEFT) & MALAN, WITH WIVES
In New Jerusalem, carefully policed squalor.

B in Yugoslavia. I went to Belpoggio. Now I have to move again, but this time I'm not stopping even in Trieste. I'm going right on to Sicily and be safe."

By week's end some 1,400 Italians caught on the Yugoslav side of the new border had transferred their possessions into the Italian zone. "I don't intend to leave Tito so much as a chair," said one.

ITALY

No Time to Retire

Rumors that U.S. Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce would quit her job once the problem of Trieste was solved were laid firmly to rest last week. Rome's diplomatic corps learned that Washington wanted Mrs. Luce to remain in Rome and that she, liking the job, was willing to do so. Though some Italians had once viewed with misgivings the appointment of a woman as envoy from the U.S., the news that the ambassador planned to stay was greeted warmly in official and nonofficial Italian circles. "From her first day here," editorialized Turin's independent *La Stampa*, one of Italy's most influential newspapers, "she has felt as Italians themselves feel and has worked indefatigably for us and with us, looking forward no less than any Italian to the final success of our good cause."

SOUTH AFRICA

Exit the Boer Moses

The most hated man in Africa stepped down from his pedestal last week. At 80, South Africa's Daniel Malan, the grim old Christian preacher who built the word *apartheid* (apartness) into the symbol of unchristian racial intolerance, summoned his Nationalist Cabinet and announced that he was quitting as Prime Minister. Malan made his decision not because

he was sick or senile, but because his wife, Maria, had a serious heart ailment. The couple will retire to the university town of Stellenbosch, where Malan won his degree during the Boer War (1880-1902).

Thanks to Daniel Malan, the Boer War is still going on. By rallying his defeated people, quickening their hatred of the British, Malan kept alive the bitter memories that a fellow student at Stellenbosch, the great Jan Christian Smuts, spent a lifetime trying to erase. Malan, a trained *predikant* (preacher) in the Dutch Reformed Church, taught his Boers that they are a chosen people, "elected" by God to build in South Africa a "new Jerusalem." He did most of the building himself, as the crusading editor of the anti-Semitic Boer paper, *Die Burger*; as the founder and leader of the now all-powerful Nationalist Party. He came to be called "the Boer Moses."

In Malan's New Jerusalem, 8,000,000 Negroes mine the gold, herd the cattle, empty the garbage cans and dig the graves for 2,500,000 whites. Though the Negroes work, they may not vote; though they pay taxes, there are few schools for their children. They may live only in carefully, often brutally policed squalor. This is God's will, claimed Daniel Malan, as he quoted (out of context) from the Old Testament. "Let them be hewers of wood and drawers of water . . ."

The Nationalists will choose between two principal candidates to succeed Malan: Finance Minister Nicolson Havenga, 72, and long-necked Johannes Gerhardus Strydom, 61, a one-time ostrich farmer who runs the Nationalist Party machine and who is even more fanatically racist than Daniel Malan. Last week retiring Dr. Malan gave his nod to Havenga, the more moderate of the two but nonetheless a man who could be trusted to hew to the harsh line laid out by Preacher Malan.

COMMUNISTS

The Simpletons

A favorite Communist morality play casts the Communists themselves as culs and simpletons: a diabolically clever villain, an "enemy of the people," insinuates himself into the party, dupes the honest comrades, rises higher and higher, and finally is given top responsibilities and honors. All the while he is conniving with other "enemies of the people," internal or external. But at last the crafty wretch is "unmasked," and the honest comrades, roused from their torpid illusions, take their vengeance.

Probably no Communist will ever play the villain's role as sensational as the late Lavrenty Beria of Moscow. But in Bucharest last week, Moscow's Rumanian satellites staged a highly professional road-show version of the melodrama, and the lead was played in fine style by Vasile Luca, a Hungarian from Transylvania who climbed from a locksmith's shop to a Communist education in Moscow and up to the posts of Deputy Premier, Finance Minister and No. 3 Red in postwar Rumania. Purged in 1952, Luca has since been in prison. Last week Bucharest announced that he had been convicted of treason and handed the death sentence. Charitably, the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Bloody Massacres. The 1951 Communist Party biography said of Comrade Luca: "While the revolutionary spirit was on the upsurge in Hungary [1918-19], Comrade Vasile Luca was among the first volunteers . . . With rifle in hand he fought against enemies of the revolution." The indictment released last week said that in that year Luca "participated in bloody massacres of workers and peasants."

Said the 1951 biography: "Toward the end of 1924, agents of the security police arrested Comrade Vasile Luca and subjected him to untold tortures and sufferings, trying to make him betray names of his comrades and to make him betray his party. Like a true Communist, he remained steadfast and unshaken, and refused to betray the cause." Said last week's indictment: In 1924 he enrolled as an agent for the Rumanian secret police and "acted as an agent provocateur."

Scrooge Needed. As recently as three years ago, Luca was at the top of Rumania's Communist heap—along with homely Foreign Minister Ana Pauker (also purged, demoted, and possibly awaiting trial) and Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, who is still Premier. But in 1952 the Red regime drastically devalued the Rumanian leu, thus depriving the people of most of their savings. News of the impending devaluation leaked out; party favorites and some others got rid of their old currency ahead of time. As Finance Minister, Luca took the rap. In addition, the regime now needed a villain to blame for the desperate economic problems caused by the persistent Russian plundering of Rumania. He was already on hand—that old trouper, Comrade Luca.



FACE POWDER TO GUN POWDER



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THE HEMISPHERE



HURRICANE WRECKAGE IN JÉRÉMIE, HAITI
A wild dance, then fear of starvation.

THE AMERICAS

Hazel's Fling

Starting in the eastern Caribbean, Hurricane Hazel pottered harmlessly over the water for an entire week, poking tentatively westward, turning leisurely to the north. Then Hazel hit Haiti. Like many another lady tourist in that exotic land, Hazel went wild.

The storm smacked the tip end of Haiti's long, southern peninsula, neatly avoiding its mountain barriers, and danced disastrously across some of the island's most heavily populated areas. At Dame-Marie, floods and high winds killed 40; the towns of Jérémie and Aux Cayes were largely unroofed. The International Red Cross estimated that 100 people were dead and 100,000 homeless after the storm's brief passage. But Haiti foresaw as the storm's worst effect months of starvation for remote, hand-to-mouth villagers, whose subsistence crops of bananas and plantains were ruined.

Wind & Flame. The following day Hazel made her crashing entrance into the U.S., ripping at fishing piers and crumpling bungalows along the Carolina coast. Eighty big Navy vessels fled to sea from Norfolk, Va., while military planes scrambled for safe airports as far away as

Kansas. In Washington the General Services Administration, prudent and economical, ordered flags hauled down from most federal buildings; one left up on the Capitol was whipped to shreds. Chicken houses in rural Maryland collapsed by the hundreds, and incubator stoves stoked the wreckage on fire. The windy night was rosy with flame, and terrified, liberated hens flapped through the fields.

Rain & Flood. The Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio Rivers went over their banks as the storm made an evening passage, northbound, through central Pennsylvania. In and near Wheeling, W. Va., a city of 58,000 built partly on an island in the Ohio, 2,400 families had to leave their homes while others moved furniture to upper floors and waited it out. Inevitably, in upstate New York, the hurricane blew down a theater marquee with signs reading, GONE WITH THE WIND. Felling trees, collapsing roofs and downing wires, the winds brought death to 32 persons and wrecked more than half a billion dollars' worth of crops and property in the U.S. President Eisenhower, holding an emergency meeting in the White House after returning from Sunday church services, heard pleas for help from North and South Carolina, declared a "major disaster" in those areas, and offered imme-



RESCUE IN TORONTO'S FLOODED DON RIVER
A broken record, then inundation.

Associated Press



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diate and unlimited federal assistance. In Canada the hurricane brought solid walls of rain; Toronto, with 7.2 in. in a day, doubled all previous rainfall records. Rowboats, helicopters and even a fire truck (its ladders thrust far over the water) rescued many from the rooftop-dotted waters of the Humber and Don Rivers. But the drowned and killed totaled at least 66, and damage in Ontario was estimated at \$100 million. By the time cold currents over Hudson Bay finally put an ice pack on Tourist Hazel, the eighth hurricane of the season had blown up into the year's worst, and the autumn storm season itself was the worst in a decade.

Who Won

In Guatemala and Honduras last week, voters went to the polls to elect their next Presidents, and Brazil neared the end of the slow, complex tally (TIME, Oct. 18) of its off-year congressional vote. In all three nations, the overall pattern of results was reassuring for Western Hemisphere stability: with minor local exceptions, the voting was peaceful and orderly, and moderates and anti-Communists did better with the voters than extremists of either the left or right wing. The big winners:

¶ Brazil's conservative President João Café Filho, though not on any ballot, significantly bested the politically potent ghost of the late President Getúlio Vargas. After Vargas' suicide in August, ultranationalists and Communists rallied around congressional candidates running in Vargas' name; pro-U.S. moderates backed Café Filho. But not even Vargas' rabble-rousing former Labor Minister, João ("Jango") Goulart, succeeded in winning his race for Senator, and as the votes piled up, the net effect was a green light for Café Filho to steer Brazil down the middle of the road.

¶ Guatemala's President Carlos Castillo Armas, who seized power in June's anti-Communist revolution, was legally confirmed in office. By having the voters asked out loud whether they wanted him to continue in office and requiring an oral answer, he managed to roll up the vote in the proportion of 1,000 to one. Concurrent elections for an assembly to write a new constitution produced some possibly troublesome opposition for the future—not from the well-beaten Communists, but from ambitious politicos of the extreme right wing.

¶ Honduras went anxiously to the polls, fearing armed revolution as the likely upset of a three-way presidential race that looked like a three-way standoff. But Ramón Villeda Morales, a socially prominent pediatrician and a pro-U.S. liberal, got 48% of the vote. Because he missed an absolute majority, a newly elected Congress must choose the next President, but the talk of revolt dwindled rapidly in the face of such a clear verdict. Hondurans, whose history lists 134 revolutions in 130 years, pinched themselves and wondered if democracy had perhaps arrived at last.

Walter Giesecking



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Noting a man with soul-piercing eyes board the same plane with him in North Carolina, the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser's* Editor Grover Hall Jr. invited his fellow passenger to share a seat. Hall's recollections of this chance encounter with Roman Catholic Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, 59, provided *Advertiser* readers with an unusual portrait: "As the plane revved up for the take-off, the Bishop crossed himself . . . The editor observed the Bishop's supplication with satisfaction, considering that the plea for the safety of the ship's company was in uncommonly eloquent and influential hands . . . Airborne, Sheen deftly ripped off his collar and laid it upon his knee . . . We asked him how his tennis game was going . . . Sheen said, 'I have found that if I play tennis before going on the air, it lowers my voice at least two registers. I think that's because the exercise expands the lungs.'"

Cordiality established, Hall began plying the Bishop with questions about his general tastes. "Sheen said he gave the *New York Times* a five-minute scanning every day for foreign news, was repelled by politics and could never become interested in it . . . Sheen has not seen a movie for eight years, cares little for drama, but relishes comedians like Milton Berle [who calls Sheen "Uncle Fultie"], Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx are eminent in Sheen's hierarchy of devils. Sheen remarked that, 'I have read every single line that Karl Marx ever wrote. I took a year off to study him.' His discourse on

Marx and Communism was so brilliant that the editor had the sense of looking into a machine gun firing tracer bullets."

Dashing Louis Arpels, a proprietor of the chic Manhattan jewelry house of Van Cleef & Arpels (branches: Paris, London, Newport, Cannes, etc.), is an international gadabout, but much of his fame has been reflected from his handsome wife, Helene, perennially in the headlines as one of the world's ten best-dressed women. Last week Arpels basked in a notoriety all his own. Caparisoned in a trim salt-and-pepper sports suit and oodles of pearls, Helene paraded into a Manhattan court to tell a sordid tale of domestic dolor. Arpels had turned out to be a 24-carat gem dandy, complained Helene, who married him in 1933, but his diamonds



HELENE ARPELS

Diamonds are another's best friend.

were another girl's best friend. The other woman: "a mere nightclub singer named Juliana Larson." After acting distracted last year in France, testified Helene, Arpels announced to her that "he didn't have much time to live and wanted to spend it with Juliana." Shortly after that, Helene, idly rummaging through Arpels' pockets, discovered a shockingly tender letter written to "Lulu, my angel, my adored one." The letter was signed "J." Of Helene's testimony, Juliana snorted indignantly: "Just cheap, slanderous insinuations dreamed up by a former 'mere French mannequin.'" Meanwhile, Helene stuck to her demands: a separation decree and about \$2,500-a-month permanent alimony—almost enough to keep a girl in clothes, though certainly not in diamonds.

Barely wrapped in 35 yards of white chiffon, Marlene Dietrich, the only grandmother in the world who can knock



Associated Press

MARLENE DIETRICH

See what the boys in the front room got! down \$35,000 a week by hiding an unremarkable singing voice inside a remarkable body, opened a new show at Las Vegas' Hotel Sahara. Outlined provocatively by a breeze from a giant fan, Marlene strayed blithely off key, to nobody's discomfort, in such trademarked barroom ballads as *Lili Marlene* and *See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have*. The Sahara's front room was packed with boys of all ages who had what they wanted right there.

In Dallas, Manhattan Lawyer Maurice ("Tex") Moore, 58, chairman of the board of Time Inc., popped up at the Texas State Fair to accept the third annual "Texan of Distinction" award (previous recipients: Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) President Eugene Holman and Chrysler Corp. President Lester Lum Colbrelli). The honor, restricted to Texas-born men who have won national distinction, was symbolized by a big Steuben glass vase decorated with Lone-Star motifs. On hand was Moore's mother, Mrs. Ollie Thompson Moore, 81, renowned as Texas' first woman bank president and longtime leader of the Texas P.T.A. Beaming at son Maurice and mindful of her pride in her other children (another son and daughter) as well, Mrs. Moore quipped: "We are all on speaking terms now because we used to be on spanking terms." Rejoined distinctive Texan Moore: "She was quite direct in her methods."

Hollywood's chief watchdog over movie morals, Joseph L. (for Ignatius) Breen, 64, stepped out after 20 years as lord high censor and administrator of the industry's Production Code except for an incongruous hiatus in 1941-42 when he quit to be general manager of the RKO



International

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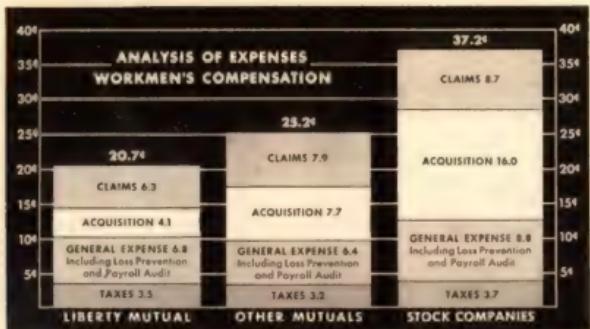
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studios). Ailing for the past two years, Joe Breen, in doing his thankless job, was scarcely the wet blanket that some producers, irked by his merciless cutting shears, often made him out to be. A one-time Philadelphia newsman and a Roman Catholic by birth, big, bluff Joe Breen could, and did, use such purple language in excoriating purple film passages that few moviemen ever thought of him as a professional bluenose. Sticking always to the letter of the code, Breen would issue such blunt suggestions as, "Eliminate, wherever it occurs, the action of Spit actually expectorating." To producers who tried to cajole him into letting naughtiness slip through, he would snap, "The back of me hand to you," or worse. Breen's longtime chief assistant, Geoffrey Shurlock, 60, by all signs an equally incorrigible man, took over the job.

Comedian Charlie Chaplin, looking much better fed than the lean tramp he used to be on the screen, emerged from his self-exile in the Swiss Alps, showed up in Paris waving a check for 2,000,000 francs (\$5,700), part of the \$14,000 prize which Multimillionaire Chaplin got last spring from the Red-sponsored World Peace Congress for his faithful partylining. He handed the check to France's famed priest Abbé Pierre (TIME, Feb. 15), a saintly man who has been virtually penniless ever since he gave away his sizable patrimony to charity 23 years ago. "It was an important decision for me to make, whether to accept Communist money as a Christian," said Abbé Pierre bluntly. "But if the 'peace partisans' want to stage a war with checks for the poor . . . I hope the West will challenge them, and we will see the two worlds compete with each other to solve world misery."

On a house in London's Chelsea section where several famous poems and plays were written, a plaque was unveiled, thus restoring to the playwright, after some 60 years of disgrace in England, a semblance of respectability. Its terse inscription: "Oscar Wilde, 1854-1900, wit and dramatist, lived here." On hand were Wilde's son, Vyvyan Holland (who recently described his inherited stigma in *Son of Oscar Wilde*—TIME, Sept. 27), Actor Michael Redgrave, Poets T. S. Eliot and Sacheverell Sitwell, and Lord Cecil Douglas, grandson of the unforgiving ninth Marquess of Queensberry, whose grim insistence that Wilde go behind bars was the prime force that landed him, convicted of sodomy, in Reading Gaol.

At a Manhattan powwow to celebrate United Nations boosters to celebrate Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's 70th birthday, Andrei Vishinsky, Russia's chief delegate to the U.N., dropped in as a surprise guest. When the festivities ended, Vishinsky warmly shook hands with one of his tablemates, a self-confessed Republican. "You are a very nice young man," glowed Communist Vishinsky. "If I were an American, I would be a Republican."



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THE THEATER

Old Musical in Manhattan

On Your Toes (music & lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart; book by Rodgers, Hart and George Abbott) is a good deal oftener on its uppers. The musical that in 1936 really put jazz ballet on Broadway, *On Your Toes* was perhaps from the start pretty much all thumbs where it wasn't nifty footwork. Time has tended to merge the show and the ballet into one, but they are scarcely more alike than Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Not that with its Balanchine choreography *On Your Toes* still hasn't its points as a dance show. With its throbbing



Fred Fehl

ZORINA

Underfoot, three men on an elephant.

Rodgers score, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* remains—when such ballets are no longer news—vibrant and exciting. There is a fine dancing rampage to go with the title song; Zorina, in the part she played in London 17 years ago, still has grace and charm; Bobby Van, in Ray Bolger's old role, has much of the master's ease and dexterity; Elaine Stritch stops the show with an aggressively lowdown warbling of an added song, *You Took Advantage of Me*. But for notable stretches there is torpor on 46th Street.

There are very nice songs like *There's a Small Hotel*, but Rodgers gave the show a ballet rather than top-drawer show music, and Hart gave it lyrics that tend to shout their cleverness. It is the Rodgers-Hart-Abbott libretto, however, that lays a curse upon the evening—the look, if ever there was one, of three men on an elephant.

New Plays in Manhattan

The *Tender Trap* (by Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith) is the usual trap set for bachelors—with the usual outcome. Thirty-five-year-old Charlie Reader is not just the usual bachelor, however; he is part of what the authors portray as a special Manhattan breed—men besieged in their own apartments by an endless stream of attractive, obliging, gift-bearing women who are also more than happy to cook or clean house for monsieur. In the face of such good fortune, Charlie (well-played by Ronny Graham) has not the slightest desire to marry.

To complicate matters, Charlie's married pal from back home (Robert Preston) arrives in New York on business, and is pretty envious of Charlie's lot, but even more disapproving. He so sprays the atmosphere with the idea of matrimony that Charlie becomes engaged to two girls at once; a little later Boy loses Girls; thereafter, the big question of the evening is which one will he regain.

The play gets some amusement out of its gaudy claim that virtually any Manhattan bachelor who bathes regularly and has a steady job can lead the life of Don Juan just by answering the doorknob. The play is also rather amusingly penetrated with the idea that to all married men and single women the bachelor state—quite irrespective of a bachelor's habits—is thoroughly shocking. On the pleasant side, too, are more attractive girls—Kim Hunter, Janet Riley, Julia Meade and Parker McCormick—than turn up in many a musical.

But the play is unsatisfying; it lacks the right touch and tone. Its setup calls for something cool, smooth, quietly disdainful; far too often it is given something Broadwayish and breezy—stretches in which grown-men exchange banter about sex and a scene of disheveled, morning-after, mail-order farce. There is too palpable an air of We Aim To Please about it, and of aiming to please the very far from fussy.

Fragile Fox (by Norman Brooks) is a competent, routine thriller about World War II. It tells, in the italics of melodrama, of a company—commanded by a craven, drunken, swaggering captain—that is suddenly thrown into the Battle of the Bulge. Loathed by his men, the captain gets by with his ambition-ridden colonel because he is the son of an influential political boss in the colonel's home state. To the rumble of tanks and the rat-tat-tat of gunfire, the gutless captain wobbles, crosses up his men, plots to run out on the job, and is finally shot by his most levelheaded subordinate.

Fragile Fox bangs through three acts, tossing at the audience a large variety of theatrical explosives. Blood is shed, broken bones are set, orders are defied, prisoners are shot, characters swear and curse, reel forward and roll backward. The

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NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS

characters themselves range from the comic to the psychopathic, the believable to the incredible; the incidents sometimes recall the war, either更能 recall other war plays.

All this is realistically set down in a modern idiom that yet lacks any personal idiom. At any serious level, *Friggle Fox* has a ten-year-after quality that, though it might have provided new perspective seems merely ten years too late. This is not fatal, for the play is primarily a thriller. If it is a merely adequate thriller, the trouble perhaps lies less with the script than with the staging. Given a more expert noisiness, a more authoritative crackle, a far more imaginative violence—and with every one of the G.I. jokes perfectly timed—*Friggle Fox* might prove absorbing theater.

Sing Me No Lullaby (by Robert Ardrey) seeks to dramatize some very thorny issues. Staging a reunion of a group of friends who were young and eager in the '30s, it assembles, in effect, certain attitudes and dilemmas that have become prominent since. The once-aspiring politician is embittered fed up with politics; the fighter has become a cynical public-relations man. Such people have been driven toward negativism: Mike Hertzog, who had been strongly leftist till the Soviet-Nazi pact, has been hounded into nothingness. He has lost his Government job and every succeeding job, and now in desperation plans to get out of the U.S. the one way he can—by being smuggled to the Russians he despises. This appalling (but aborted) plan flays the political back into shreds.

Though never shrill or doctrinaire, the play fails, possibly through its very approach. Its disturbed author is concerned with what he thinks is a timid and jittery temper of the country, unaware to injustice. But instead of translating his view into an expressive picture or cohesive story, he has blueprinted it with mere walking symptoms and symbolic cases. Didactically working with viewpoints instead of people he never gives his play leverage, nor, from using such a variety of figures, can he truly plumb any one of them. Visually portrayed as a human being, a Mike Hertzog might emerge as genuinely tragic. Used as a mere symbol of persecution he seems a mere stencil of protest. Even worse, Hertzog ends up as simply the thing that sends the politician back into the fight.

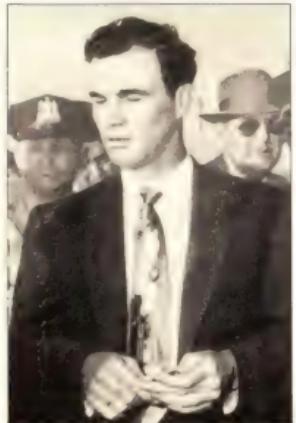
The play not only fails to get beyond the journalism of its subject; it isn't very vivid journalism. If this is partly because the writing and staging are almost stiltedly earnest, and because the characters never come to life, it is partly too because what might be termed the literature of anxiety (as opposed to that of outright protest) is full of intricacies and intangibles and resists simplifications. Playwright Ardrey's concern is not with correcting a particular abuse it is with curing what he sees as a national sickness. Such a subject is not only highly complex, it is also not very dramatic.

EDUCATION

Day of the Demagogues

Bryant Bowles, head of the race-baiting National Association for the Advancement of White People, was riding high last week, and neither rain, nor police, nor dark of night appeared to keep him from his self-appointed rounds. When he flew into Delaware from Washington, D.C., he was promptly arrested by order of Governor J. Caleb Boggs for conspiring to violate the state's school-attendance laws. But within four hours he was out on bail again, free to stir up trouble.

At the airport, some 5,000 people were on hand to greet him—and just about the same 5,000 were still there when he returned from the police. "Some people," cried Bowles triumphantly, "have had the



Associated Press

WHITE SUPREMACIST BOWLES

Something for the mob.

honor of being arrested by privates, some by corporals, some even by captains. But I've had the honor of being arrested by the governor." As the crowd cheered and horns honked, Bowles launched into his harangue. He referred sneeringly to "departed" U.S. Supreme Court Justice Jackson, then tore into Delaware's Attorney General H. Albert Young, who is trying to revoke the N.A.A.W.P.'s charter. Young's real name, announced Bowles dramatically, is actually Hyman Yanowitz.

Next night at Lincoln, he played the same tune again. But he charged that since "Attorney General Hyman Albert Yanowitz, alias H. Albert Young," had never changed his name legally, he should be forced to resign. Finally, Bowles declared that he would welcome the support of Negroes who "sincerely" believed in segregation. But Negroes would attend N.A.A.W.P. meetings only on a segregated basis. "The only thing we'll do together is to pledge allegiance to the flag."

Though Attorney General Young refused to comment on Bowles's attack (his Jewish background was known in his 1950 campaign), he proved that he was no man to back down from a fight. When the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People brought suit in behalf of ten Negro students who were barred from the white Milford, Del., high school (TIME, Oct. 11), Young appeared in court to back up the N.A.A.C.P. "Here," said he, "are ten children who were attending school without incident. Why were they taken out?" Young's answer: "Mob rule."

After hearing the arguments of Young and the N.A.A.C.P., Delaware's Vice Chancellor William Marvel ruled that the ten Negroes "have a clear and legal right" to attend the Milford school. But that decision was obviously not the end of the affair. At week's end, Milford's white citizens were beginning to mutter again, and Bryant Bowles was still around to keep them aroused. "When the Negroes walk in," said he, "the whites will walk out."

Though so far the noisiest of the lot, the N.A.A.W.P. is not the only group fighting desegregation. Others and their creeds

¶ The National Association for the Advancement and Protection of the Majority of the White People, chartered in Georgia last June, claims it will fight "any and all legal actions brought to destroy segregation laws between the White Race and the Colored Race." Among its founders: Dr. Marvin Head, onetime Chief Klansman of Griffin, Ga.

¶ The National Association for the Preservation of the White Race, organized last July, is headed by Augusta, Ga. Store Owner Jack Dempsey, a former Grand Dragon of the K.K.K. The N.A.P.W.R.'s credo: "Negro blood destroyed the civilization of Egypt, India, Phoenicia, Carthage, Greece and Rome." Now Russia wants to destroy the U.S. by prodding "us to accept 16 million Negroes as social equals . . . Every American who by word or deed helps Russia further this plan of race destruction is a traitor to kind and country."

¶ The American States' Rights Association of Birmingham, Ala., said: "Segregation is the basis of our civilization. It is the only insurance against racial mongrelization."

¶ Florida States' Rights, chartered in August, claims a membership of 4,000. Said its state secretary, Ruth V. Armstrong: "I can't have my son or daughter dancing on a dance floor or swimming in a pool with somebody as black as the ace of spades and with a skull three inches thick."

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Society and Harvard University, the trustees of the collection—Vice President Thomas B. Adams of the Sheraton Corporation and John Quincy Adams of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company—announced that the big day had come. With a ten-year gift of \$250,000 from L'EE, a group of historians will edit the papers for the Harvard University Press, will also make them available in microfilm to 16 U.S. libraries. Among the items in the collection: the complete diaries of Presidents John and John Quincy and Diplomat Charles Francis; letters and manuscripts of Historians Brooks and Henry; family correspondence with everyone from George Washington and Abraham Lincoln to the Duke of Wellington.

How to Gowerize

In spite of the fame of Henry W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, Britons never coined the verb "to fowlerize." But in official circles, at least, they are beginning to use "to gowerize." Its source is leathery Sir Ernest Gowers, 74, a retired civil servant who has been waging a relentless war against the turgid prose called officialese. Last week, from Sir Ernest's new book, *The Complete Plain Words* (Her Majesty's Stationery Office), thousands of readers both in and out of the service were learning what gowerizing is all about—"to say what you mean in simple words instead of words that mean nothing."

The modern official, says Sir Ernest, has built up a weird way of writing. At his worst, he is downright incomprehensible ("Prices are basis prices per ton for the representative-basis-pricing specification and size and quantity"). But even at his best, he is often fuzzy. There is, says Sir Ernest, "an unwillingness to venture outside a small vocabulary of shapeless bundles of uncertain content—words like *position, arise, involve, in connection with, issue, consideration, and factor*—a disposition, for instance, to 'admit with regret the position which has arisen in connection with,' rather than to make the effort to tell the reader specifically what is admitted with regret." An official would far sooner say: "With reference to your claim, I have to advise you that before same is dealt with . . . than 'Before I can deal with your claim.' He says *predecease for die before, it is apprehended that for I suppose, and it will be observed from a persual of for you will see by reading,*

He also likes to manufacture verbs (e.g., *to casualize*—to employ casual labor), make up opposites (*diseconomy, de-restrict*), and use unnecessary nouns as *escaper* ("We already have *escaper*"). He indulges recklessly in the *not un-habit* (*not unjustifiably, not unduly unreasonable*), shilly-shallies hopelessly in the apparent belief that "mistiness is the mother of safety." Thus, he will write, "In transmitting this matter to the Council the Minister feels that it may be of assistance to them to learn that, as at present advised, he is inclined to the view that, in existing circumstances, there is *prima facie*, a case for . . .", which is

tantamount to saying, "This is what the Minister thinks in the present state of his mind, but, as he is human, the state of his mind may change." Other sins of officialese:

¶ The Unnecessary Adjective: "If we make a habit of saying 'the true facts are these,' we shall come under suspicion when we profess to tell merely 'the facts. If a crisis is always *acute* and an emergency always *grave*, what is left for those words to do by themselves?"

¶ The Superfluous Adverb: e.g., *definitely* harmful, *irresistibly* reminded, or *literally* fas in the news report that Mr. Gladstone "sat literally glued to the Treasury Bench," to which *Punch* once added: "That's torn it," said the Grand Old Man, as he literally wrenched himself away to dinner".

¶ Verbiage in Verbs: e.g., *is not prepared to*, *is not in a position to*, *does not*



David Potts

BRITAIN'S SIR ERNEST GOWERS
Zeno did right by the chick-peas.

see his way to," warns Sir Ernest: "To be told that the Minister is 'not in a position to approve' may excite a desire to retort that he might try putting his feet on the mantelpiece and see if that does any good."

¶ The Overuse of Abstract Words: e.g., *position*, *situation*. "Sir Winston Churchill did not begin his broadcast on the 17th of June, 1940: 'The position in regard to France is extremely serious.' He began: 'The news from France is very bad. He did not end it: 'We have absolute confidence that eventually the situation will be restored.' He ended: 'We are sure that in the end all will come right.'

All in all, says Sir Ernest, the modern official might well take his cue from his counterparts of centuries ago, when a Minister of Finance could write a senior civil servant:

"Apollonius to Zeno, greeting. You did right to send the chick-peas to Memphis. Farewell."

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THE PRESS

Voice of Freedom

In Latin America, where government violations of the press are the order of the day, the Inter-American Press Association is the only organized voice of press freedom. Last week, at its tenth annual meeting in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, the outspoken representatives of 390 newspapers and magazines from the Western Hemisphere demonstrated why I.A.P.A. has become the most effective force for an unfettered press in Latin America.

Up before the convention stepped Chicago *Daily News* Publisher John Knight, who denounced the press in President Juan Perón's Argentina for "kowtowing before the dictator for the dubious privilege of earning a living." One Argentine editor who refused to kowtow could not attend the I.A.P.A. meeting at all; he had to send in his report. David Michel Torino, owner of Argentina's well-named *El Intransigente*, was not allowed out of the country by Perón's police. Three years ago he was thrown in jail for "disrespect" of the government. Last September, after his release, an I.A.P.A. representative tried to present Torino with the organization's "Hero of Freedom of the Press" medal. But Argentine police hustled the I.A.P.A. member aboard an outgoing plane as soon as he landed in Argentina.

Argentina is not the only country in which the press is being hamstrung. The Chicago *Tribune*'s Latin American Correspondent Jules Dubois, an old foe of censorship and suppression, delivered a report singling out Argentina as the worst offender, but also recommending that protests be made to Bolivia, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Paraguay, Peru, Nicaragua and Venezuela for various forms of interference.

To the most notable fighters for press independence went the Mergenthaler Awards, Latin America's equivalent of the Pulitzer Prizes. Among the winners: Editor Jorge Mantilla of Ecuador's *El Comercio*, who won the \$500 prize for "work on behalf of press freedom" after he refused to print a government communiqué in his paper and was closed down by the police; and Carlos Lacerda, fiery publisher of Brazil's *Tribuna da Imprensa* (TIME, Aug. 16), for his crusading editorials against government corruption. Said Lacerda: "There is one lesson we learn from events in Brazil, [It is the] growing responsibility of the press in forming a public opinion capable of fighting."

The Times that Tried

The New York *Times*, which has no trouble printing "All the News That's Fit to Print," had considerable trouble last week deciding what nudes are fit to print. When the producers of the Broadway comedy, *Reclining Figure*, tried to place an ad in the *Times* illustrated with a line drawing of a reclining nude, a staffer in



RECLINING FIGURE
UNTOUCHED (ABOVE) & RETOUCHE

the ad department said no. Other New York dailies ran the ad as submitted, but in the *Times* the nude was decorously fitted with a brassière. At week's end, after taking the matter "under review," the *Times* allowed the ad to run as originally submitted, apparently under a new rule of fitness, which could be paraphrased roughly as "All the Nudes that Fit the News."

Case of Ruby McCollum

William Bradford Huie, 43, is a glib, self-promoting free-lance writer who likes nothing better than to be in hot water. He has attacked everything from college football to the U.S. Navy, and has been denounced as regularly and heatedly as he denounces. Last week in Live Oak, Fla., Alabama-born Bill Huie was once again in a cauldron of boiling water, and enjoying every spurt of steam. This time the heat was generated by the case of Ruby McCollum.

More than two years ago, Ruby McCollum, then 37, wealthy wife of a Negro gambler and one of the richest Negroes in the area, shot to death Dr. Clifford LeRoy Adams Jr., 44, of Live Oak. A white Florida state senator-elect, Adams was the most important politician in Suwannee County, and a man whom local bigwigs said "was gonna be governor, sure."

Guilty of Murder. At her trial, Ruby McCollum testified that "more than a doctor-patient relationship" existed between her and Dr. Adams. He was, in fact, said Ruby McCollum, the father of her fourth child, and she was pregnant with another child of his when she poured four bullets into him.

The all-white jury convicted her of murder. Sentence: death in the electric chair. She appealed, and three months ago the State Supreme Court ordered a new

*It reaches the top...**



* A letter typed on an IBM EXECUTIVE ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER



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trial on the ground that the jury had inspected the murder scene without the judge and Ruby McCollum being present. But Ruby was pronounced insane and, instead of being retried, was sent to a state mental institution.

When Huie went to Live Oak to get a magazine story on the McCollum case, he quickly found one suspicious fact: the judge had never let a reporter talk to Ruby McCollum after her arrest. As he dug into it, Huie found the murder threaded deeply into local politics and community life, decided it would make a good book for him. But he found it hard to get material, since "a pitiful, unreasoning fear . . . came to so many faces, both white and colored, when I mentioned the case." In the current issue of the Negro monthly *Ebony*, Huie openly charged that Circuit Judge Hal W. Adams (no kin to the slain



Mike Freeman—Miami Daily News
FREE-LANCER HUIE

For local threads, a needle.

doctor) has "the racial attitudes of Reconstruction." Furthermore, said Huie, Adams had been an honorary pallbearer at the doctor's funeral.

Guilty of Contempt. Last month Judge Adams cited Huie for contempt for trying to "bring this court into disrepute." Huie, said Adams, had told the court-appointed psychiatrist that the judge was biased and was mixed up with local gamblers himself. Fortnight ago, at his own trial, Huie denied the charge. "You shoveled out a mess of filth and stuff of scandalous nature against a man who was dead and couldn't defend himself," said Judge Adams. When Huie grinned in court, Judge Adams snapped: "Brother, this is no matter to laugh about."

He found Huie guilty of contempt, fined him \$750 plus an estimated \$22 for court costs. When Huie refused to pay the fine, he was clapped into jail. Last week, after three days, he was out under \$2,500 bond, and announced that he would take his case to the Florida Supreme Court.

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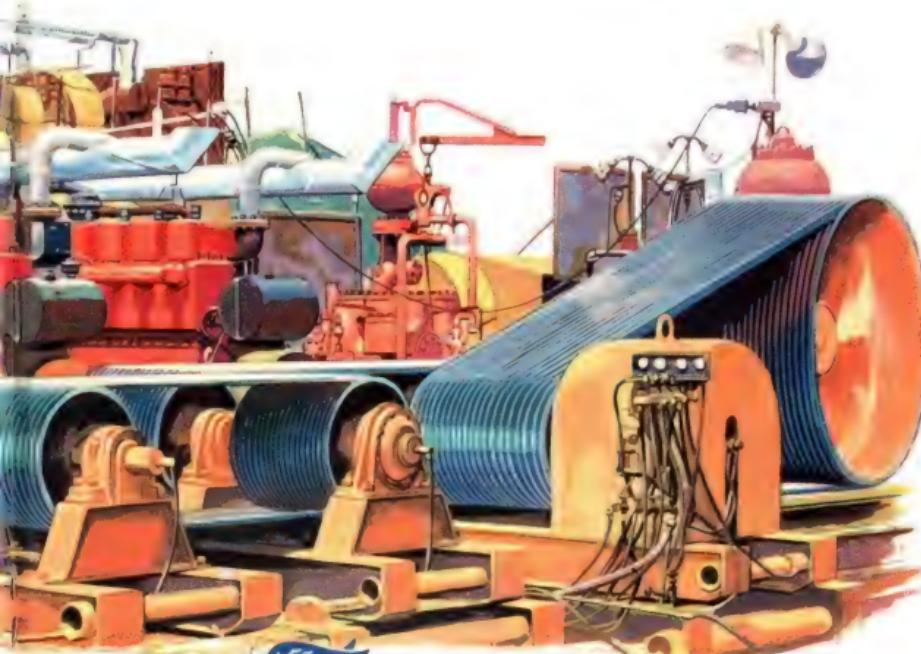
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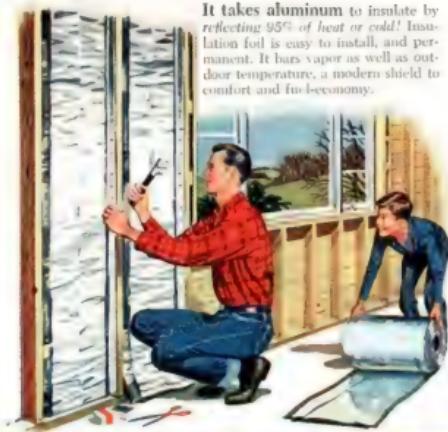
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Season in the Sun

As oppressive summer weather dawdled into autumn, the polite plunk of tennis balls could still be heard on the grass courts of eastern country clubs, where tennis came of age. But the tall, tanned young men who had spent the summer putting the touch on tournament committees with their "amateur" expense accounts had almost all gone west and south for a season in the sun.

As usual, the travelers had taken their worst habits with them; they were playing unreliable, unpredictable tennis. Far off form last week, Vic Seixas, the new U.S. champion, was knocked out in the quarter finals of Mexico City's Pan-American tournament. (The week before, Seixas had been beaten by Mexico's Gustavo Palafox in Davis Cup competition.) Temperamental Art Larsen let Mexican officiating get under his skin, lost out in the semifinals. Only Tony Trabert held his own against the mediocre competition, and at week's end he won the title.

Home in Manhattan, the Davis Cup selection committee tried to forget that he, too, is a thin-skinned performer. (Only last month at Forest Hills, a loud American crowd bothered him so much that he blew right out of the national championships.) Solemnly, the committee announced that, for all their faults, Tony and Vic are the best around. With Inter-collegiate Champion Ham Richardson and Captain Billy Talbert, they will be sent on one more trip to Australia in one more effort to bring home the Davis Cup.

All but convinced that this year's best is not good enough, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association is trying to build for the future. A couple of promising teen-agers will travel with the Davis Cup team just for experience; a group of other youngsters, coached by crafty old-Pro Jack Kramer, has been learning the pitfalls of the summer-tournament circuit at home.

Those pitfalls are likely to turn America's new crop of amateurs into the same sort of semiprofessionals who have been disappointing tennis fans for years. Writes one-time Davis Cup Player Sidney Wood Jr.: "A player known to have no other source of income, can . . . travel the tournament trail in relative luxury throughout South America, Europe, Egypt, India and most of the U.S. . . . He is often able to set aside some rainy-day savings gleaned from an expense account well in excess of the legally prescribed \$15 daily."

Never properly promoted, never popular enough to be a national sport, U.S. amateur tennis remains a subsidized pastime, the responsibility of the nation's country and tennis clubs. A tournament traveler needs more than a smooth supply of shots; he must also get along with the station-wagon set. "You don't have to worry about my boys," Coach Kramer told the U.S.L.T.A. "They dress right, act right and talk right." Tennis fans were happy to hear that the boys play well, too,

Runner's Revenge

Ever since he paced Dr. Roger Bannister to the world's first four-minute mile (TIME, May 17), Distance Runner Chris Chataway has been a British favorite. Even though he won the three-mile race at the Empire Games in August, most of his fans remember him as the man who always finishes second. Last summer, at the European championships in Bern, Chris managed to nose out the great Czech runner, Emil Zatopek, in the 5,000-meter run—and still he finished second, behind Russia's Vladimir Kuc (rhymes with coots).

When British authorities invited Moscow to send a track and field squad to



CHATAWAY (LEFT) & KUC AT FINISH LINE
Good got o' will.

London for an intercity meet, one night last week, Londoners were mainly interested in the 5,000-meter race and Chris Chataway's chance for revenge. The Soviets, as usual, were interested in anything they could win.

Although their invitation called for only 30 athletes, the Soviets sent a squad of 69, promised to pick up the tab for the extra guests, and made double entries in every event. Every day after they got to London, the Soviet trackmen put in a hard morning of training, and turned in early. "The one who has trained the hardest will win," said cocksure Champion Kuc. British sportswriters agreed: they knew that Chataway spends precious little time on the track, smokes, drinks beer, and is notoriously lazy about training. "It is fascinating to read all the gibberish which is being written and spoken about

sporting good will between the two nations," said the *Daily Mirror's* Peter Wilson, "when all the good is on our side and all the will (to win) is on theirs."

In the 5,000-meter race, no one could have doubted Chataway's will to win. As expected, Kuc jumped into an early lead, but Chataway was right on his heels. When the Russian sprinted, Chataway turned on the power and stayed with him. Lap after lap they rounded the track, close as a pair of vaudeville tap dancers. The Russian could not shake his pursuer.

As they took the last turn, a spotlight focused on the pair and picked up Chataway's final move. His smooth style remained, but there was no sign of the stamina needed for a sprint when the Briton moved out on the track to get racing room. Fifty yards from the tape, he was half a pace back. Twenty-five yards to go, and he was still behind. But the gap was smaller now. By the time they passed the tape, Chris Chataway, the man who always finishes second, was first by a stride. His time: 13:51.6, a new world's record.

Moscow won an easy team victory (150-89), but for London, the 5,000-meter race was the meet. Only Chris Chataway had some sober second thoughts. Looking ahead to the next Olympics, he shook his head and mumbled: "I'd still back Zatopek to beat us both."

Fuel for the Hot Stove

The one-sided World Series was no sooner over than the hot-stove league got off to a flying start. In the front offices of baseball, the moneymen began shifting managers so fast that a man hardly had time to read the small type in his contract; a fan could spend all winter wondering what had happened to his team. Among the changes:

¶ In Boston, the disappointing Red Sox fired Lou Boudreau, onetime boy wonder with the Cleveland Indians, and called up Michael Franklin ("Finky") Higgins. A capable third baseman on the champion Red Sox of 1946, Finky has been managing in the minors ever since.

¶ In Washington, the stumbling Senators turned loose Bucky Harris, a 30-year veteran of the managerial wars, hired Charley Dresen, who wrote himself out of a job last fall by asking for a three-year contract with the Brooklyn Dodgers, and spent a year in exile with the Oakland Oaks of the Pacific Coast League.

¶ In Detroit, the Tigers got rid of Fred Hutchinson, promptly sent for Bucky Harris, who had managed the team from 1930 to 1933.

¶ In Baltimore, the unsinging Orioles fired Jimmy Dykes, hired Paul Richards away from the Chicago White Sox, who in turn promoted ex-Cardinal Marty Marion from coach to manager.

¶ In Philadelphia, the feeble Phillies, still trying to turn a squabbling squad into a ball team, fired mild-mannered Terry Moore and dug deep into the minor leagues to find hard-working Edward Mayo Smith, who had been running the Birmingham Barons for the Yankees.

RELIGION

The New Evangelist

[See Cover]

The first one to come forward was a round, sensible-looking housewife with thick glasses. She stood as still and undramatic as if she were waiting to be served at the meat counter. The next was an eleven-year-old boy who kept his head low to hide his tears; a thin girl appeared behind him and put her arm comfortingly on his shoulder. These three were joined by a broad-shouldered young man whose machine-knitted jersey celebrated a leaping swordfish, then by a pretty young Negro woman in her best clothes with a sleeping baby in her arms. Suddenly there were too many to count, standing on the trampled grass in the blaze of lights. Some of them wept quietly, some of them stared

at the ground and some looked upward.

Above them all stood a tall, blond young man in a double-breasted tan gabardine suit. His handsome, strong-jawed face was drawn and his blue eyes glittered; for a few seconds he gnawed nervously on a thumbnail and bright sweat covered his high forehead. He was speaking softly, but with an urgency that seemed to tense every muscle of his body.

"You can leave here with peace and joy and happiness such as you've never known. You say: 'Well, Billy, that's all well and good. I'll think it over and I may come back some night and I'll—' Wait a minute! You can't come to Christ any time you want to. You can only come when the Spirit of God is drawing and wooing you . . . I beg of you to come now before it is too late. You know you need

Christ in your life. Leave your seat now and come forward. If you have friends or relatives here, they'll wait on you. Whether you're old or young, or rich or poor white or colored—come quietly up now and say, 'Billy, tonight I accept Christ.'"

The Flame Around the World. Night after night in New Orleans' 16,000-capacity Pelican Stadium, this gaunt young man with the Hickey-Freeman clothes and the eagle-sharp manner is bringing men and women down from the packed stands and up the length of the baseball field to make "decisions for Christ." This would be news enough in that tamed but still sinridden city of blues and bourbon. But the flame that is searing New Orleans is also burning greater and greater swathes across the whole U.S. and around the world. Billy Graham is the best-known, most talked-about Christian leader in the world today, barring the Pope.

He has preached on the steps of the Capitol in Washington and in the shadow of the Iron Curtain, on Korean battlefields and in Hitler's former stadium in Berlin. In England, where religion has long been in decline, 2,000,000 people last spring came in penitent droves, and 38,447 pledged themselves as converts. Even when they do not understand his language or share his American tradition, people flock to hear him speak short sentences to be echoed in their own language by an interpreter. In Scandinavia, Finland, Holland, Germany and France this summer, 296,600 came. Since 1949, Billy Graham has preached personally to 12 million people and brought 200,000 of them to various stages of Christian commitment.

"I may be just a small item on the back page of heaven's newspaper," says Graham modestly. But on earth he has already got enough newspaper publicity to make both Hollywood and the circus envious. Five full-length movies in which he appears, a weekly radio program, broadcast on nearly 1,000 stations, and a daily newspaper column syndicated in 99 newspapers, keep a steady stream of converts "deciding for Christ" every week. Tycoons listen to him respectfully, and grey-headed clerics sit at his feet. The humble send him gifts, and the great ones seek him out. Churchill invited him to Downing Street, and Eisenhower keeps one of Billy's red leather Bibles at his bedside. By all indications, that is just the beginning of a career that is making this Baptist from North Carolina one of the greatest religious influences of his time.

Billy Is Different. From Savonarola to Billy Sunday, evangelists have exhorted sinners to repentance and preached salvation as a right-now, yes-or-no decision. The hot Gospel played a major part in the making of America, when churches were fewer, distances vast and life hard. But upper-crust Christians tend to regard the sweaty urgency of evangelistic Christianity as frequently hypocritical and always in bad taste. Billy Graham is different.

He preaches with his shirt collar unbuttoned, so that "my Adam's apple can move up and down." Yet he always looks immaculately pressed and groomed. He is



WOMEN SINGING AT LONDON CRUSADE

"Whether you're old or young, or rich or poor, white or colored . . ."

Cor. M. M. - Gamma

surrounded by electronics—a tiny portable microphone to pick up his voice while he preaches (with a wire clipped to his belt loop), batteries of Dictaphones for dictation, the whole Bible on records. And yet he never sounds mechanical and often seems old-fashioned. He unblushingly applies the hard-sell technique to God ("I am selling," he says, "the greatest product in the world; why shouldn't it be promoted as well as soap?"). And yet such eminently low-pressure, dignity-bound clerics as the Archbishop of Canterbury have given Graham their blessing. A farewell dinner given for him in London this spring included 70 peers and peeresses, and even the austere intellectual *Manchester Guardian* admitted, "He has a holy simplicity."

How does he do it? Billy would be able to answer that one right off, and with deep sincerity: by the grace of God. "If God should take His hands off my life," says Billy, "my lips would turn to clay. I'm no great intellectual, and there are thousands of men who are better preachers than I am. You can't explain me if you leave out the supernatural. I am but a tool of God."

The Conversion. The pious parents of William Franklin Graham Jr. planted his feet firmly on the path of truth and righteousness. His farmer father once gave him a hiding in church with his broad leather belt for fidgeting during the sermon. The day beer was taken off Prohibition, Billy's father went to town and bought a case. Then, in an awesome atmosphere of ritual sacrifice, he forced Billy and one of his sisters to guzzle bottle after bottle until they were sick. "It was awful," recalls Billy. He has never touched it since.

He was born 26 years ago in a weatherboarded log house on a farm near Charlotte, N.C. Billy Frank, as everyone called him, began milking when he was eight on his father's prosperous, 200-acre dairy farm, getting up at 3 a.m. to do it. But when he was 14, he went tooling about in the family car any time he wanted. "I was pretty wild in those days," he confessed once. "All I thought about was girls and baseball." But the girls he thought about and dated were "good" girls. "I never touched a girl in the wrong way, and I thank God for it."

In 1934, Mordecai Fowler Ham, a fiery-eyed, long-fingered Kentucky revivalist, began to blaze away at Charlotte from a tabernacle on the edge of town. Billy Frank Graham somehow sensed that he was a sitting duck for Mordecai Ham, and carefully stayed away. Finally, at his mother's urging, Billy went to the tabernacle with his good friend, Grady Wilson. For a week the two boys quailed under the gimlet gaze of Mordecai, who seemed to be searching out their most secret sins. Then they joined the choir so they could stand behind him, but there was no hiding place. After the second week, Billy gave up. Quietly, he left his seat and walked down to stand in prayer with Grady Wilson right beside him. "I opened up my heart then," he says, "and knew for the first time the sweetness and joy of God, of truly being born again."



GRAHAM AT NEW ORLEANS

... Come up now and say, Billy, tonight I accept Christ."

Nobody seemed to see any particular change in Billy. The only foretaste of his future pre-eminence came in the summer after high school, when he became a Fuller brush salesman. He not only outsold every other salesman in North Carolina but the district sales manager as well.

After failing at Bob Jones College, Billy went to the Florida Bible Institute near Tampa. Still, he might never have become a preacher—his marks at the institute were poor—if he had not met Emily Cavanaugh.

Decision on the Golf Course. Emily was as beautiful as she was good, and Billy fell head over heels in love with her. Things seemed to be going well enough between them until one October night when she told him that she wanted to marry a servant of God who would do big things—and it was clear to her that Billy would never amount to much. Instead, she had decided to marry a fellow student who was going to Harvard Divinity School.

Billy was desolate. That night he prowled the school golf course praying and weeping, and at last made a fateful decision: he would devote his life full-time to God.

To get preaching practice, Billy began at a Tampa mission for derelicts, drunks and dope addicts. His first church sermon came on Easter evening in 1938 and was a dismal flop. But Billy went on practicing—mostly exhorting the fish and alligators of a nearby swamp to leave their evil ways and be saved. He preached his first real revival at the Baptist Church of East Palatka, Fla., in June 1939. Half-way through the week-long series, word spread that Preacher Graham, nominally a Presbyterian, had never been immersed. One look at the shocked and sour faces before

him and Billy was inspired to announce that he would be baptized at the revival's end along with his own new converts. No less than 81 converts were baptized. Says Billy: "That was the first little inkling I had that maybe the Lord could use me in evangelism."

Answer to a Prayer. A few months later Billy was ordained a minister by the St. Johns Baptist Association of Northern Florida. He went on to preach "at every cowpath and wagon track in Florida," gained a strong voice, expanded confidence and got a scholarship to Wheaton College near Chicago. There he collected an A.B. in anthropology, an unusual major for a man who still rejects the theory of evolution.

The most important thing he did at Wheaton was to court his future wife, Ruth McCue Bell, a pretty, vivacious China missionary's daughter (Emily Cavanaugh had in the meantime married her Harvard man). Said he in a recent sermon: "I tell you . . . the first time I kissed [my wife], I don't know whether she had any emotion, but I sure did. And when you fall in love with Jesus, you are going to feel it . . . Now if I had married all the girls . . . I wanted to marry the Lord only knows where I would have been tonight. The Lord gave me the grace and the strength and the courage to wait . . . And after eleven years, we are still sweethearts. And it's been heaven."

As for Ruth Bell, Billy himself seemed to be the answer to a prayer—one she waited before she met him:

"Dear God," I prayed—all unafraid
(As girls are wont to be)
"I do not want a handsome man—
But let him be like Thee."



June Glenn Jr.

RUTH GRAHAM & CHILDREN (ANNE, RUTH, WILLIAM FRANKLIN, VIRGINIA)

By Christmas, the Sermon on the Mount and a bike?

*I do not need one big and strong,
Nor one so very tall,
Nor need he be some genius,
Or wealthy, Lord, at all; . . .
(But) let his face have character—
A ruggedness of soul,
And let his whole life show, dear God,
A singleness of goal . . .*

Assist from a Gangster. Billy Graham surely showed a singleness of goal. In 1943, he toyed with the idea of joining up as a G.I., decided against it, instead volunteered for the chaplains' corps. Later he withdrew from the corps, saw no war service at all (as a minister he was draft exempt). After a year as pastor of a small basement church in Western Springs, Ill. (the active congregation more than doubled while Billy was there), he joined an organization called "Youth for Christ," founded in Chicago to combat delinquency among teen-agers. As a Youth-for-Christener, Billy traveled all over the U.S. and the world, preaching in a different town every day. In 1946, the aging president of a small college (Northwestern Schools in Minneapolis) announced he thought it was God's will that Graham be his successor. Graham, who thought the job would sidetrack him, replied tartly: "If the Lord has called me to do this, why doesn't He tell us both, instead of just you?"

But he took the job, for two years. By 1947, he struck out as an independent evangelist with a week's campaign in Grand Rapids, Mich., but it was not until his Los Angeles crusade in the fall of 1949 that he really got going. Then a cowboy singer and a gangster helped make him famous.

After winning two minor celebrities as converts (Cowboy Singer Stuart Hamblen and Track Star Louis Zamperini), Graham made the front pages by converting one "Big Jim" Vaus, a wiretapper by trade who had recently done a job or two for Gangster Mickey Cohen. The story

got even better when Graham invited Cohen to a small meeting of Hollywood personalities. "When I asked for people who wanted prayer to hold up their hands," he remembers, "Mickey lifted his hand, and I am sincerely convinced that he wanted God."

This was the kind of thing newsmen could not ignore. All at once Billy was a national figure.

The Technology of Salvation. While Evangelist Graham sincerely considers himself nothing but a tool of God, he believes in giving God plenty of help with some tools of his own. The tools he has fashioned add up to an intricate technology of soul-saving that might astonish St. Paul, bewilder John Wesley and give any Madison Avenue adman some ideas.

Like Field Marshal Montgomery, Graham never launches an attack unless he can be fairly sure in advance that his forces are superior to the enemy—the main enemy perhaps being indifference. Before Graham agrees to conduct a campaign in any given city, preliminary negotiations may go on for years (New Orleans churchmen first began talking about the current crusade in 1950). Graham must be sure that he has the backing of the top Protestant churches in the area, as well as the support of business and civic leaders. After he accepts an invitation, the local sponsoring committee is promptly presented with a "Graham Plan" for financing.

Two months before the campaign is scheduled to begin, the first member of the Graham team arrives in town, Willis Haymaker, 57, who worked as advance man for such old-school soul-savers as Gypsy Smith and Bob Jones but thinks Billy is the greatest of them all, mobilizes the preachers and laymen of the cooperating churches into a vast cadre of workers. From 1,000 to 3,000 are tapped for choir duty. Between 700 and 1,000 become "counselors," and about 1,500 be-

come ushers. Women are selected to staff the ticket office and switchboards. Deacons, Sunday school superintendents and other church workers are organized into "follow-up" classes, where they are taught how to bring new converts into local church life. Says Graham: "We have a fair audience ready before we even get there."

The town begins to sprout posters, street banners, window cards and bumper stickers announcing the impending crusade. Typical of the Graham team's meticulous know-how is the way its members tackled the matter of bumper stickers. First they tested the different methods of attaching a sign to a bumper—string, elastic, clips, hooks, adhesive. Having decided adhesive was most lasting, they began testing surfaces, determined on a kind called "Dayglo" which shines in sunlight or headlight. Dayglo comes in single, double and triple screen, hence more testing and the decision to use double. To find the best adhesive, lots of 25,000 were tested in various cities.

While such promotion is being readied, counselors are trained in regular classes and graded on a point system. About a dozen usually flunk and are tactfully asked to resign; marginal cases (especially those who dress sloppily) are held on "reserve," and the best students become "front-row" counselors (wearing red tabs in their badges).

Like a Cadillac. A couple of days before the opening meeting, Graham arrives with the rest of his team—a cluster of smoothly dressed young men with religious backgrounds and comely wives. In both matter and manner, Billy Graham has come a long way from the Los Angeles days when he billed himself as "America's Sensational Young Evangelist" in a "Mammoth Tent Crusade" with "Glorious Music, Dazzling Array of Gospel Talent, 22 Tremendous Nights." Today's ads consist mainly of the words "Hear Billy Graham," plus a picture. Says Jerry Beavan ("pronounced like heaven"), Graham's 31-year-old public-relations man: "When you see an advertisement for a Cadillac, it just says Cadillac and shows you a picture. Billy is like a Cadillac. We don't have to explain."

Graham's meetings, like his neckties, are less noisy than they used to be. Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal have been replaced by straight choir singing, with a simple organ and piano accompaniment. As the audience arrives (babies may be left in special nurseries known to the Graham staff as "bawl rooms"). Choir Leader Cliff Barrows is warming up the singers. Song books are passed around to the crowd; then Barrows invites the audience to sing, swinging a glittering trombone; Bass-Baritone Bea Sheva goes into action with a few oldtime-religion songs, and the collection and an invocation by a local cleric follow. Meanwhile Billy Graham sits on the rostrum, head in hand, meditating.

Before he begins his sermon, he asks the audience to join him in a short prayer. Then he plunges right into his text. During the sermon, he picks up the Bible

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GRAHAM TEAMSTERS

After string, clips and hems a lasting adhesive.

again and again, swinging it, slamming it almost literally hurling it at the Devil. Graham has abandoned his early hyperbole in favor of a strictly scriptural message, brought down to earth in everyday language. He has also weeded out the kind of literalism that once led him to deliver drawing-board specifications for heaven, which, he assured his audience (apparently relying on *Revelations 21:16*), "is 1,600 miles long, 1,600 miles wide and 1,600 miles high." Under the bright lights, he paces his rubber-matted platform crouching, pointing, swooping upon his acres of audience from one angle, then another. His long-fingered hands are almost constantly in motion, thrusting, carving space, evocatively touching his breast, head, eyes, mouth or ears. His plaintive voice hammers the audience with hardly a change of pace:

"Now the Devil came to Adam and Eve and said, 'Now, look here, you're not going to die. Why, if you eat of that tree, you'll become as other gods.' Now the Devil was lying, and Adam and Eve had to choose between the Devil's lie and God's word. And they looked at the tree. And when the woman saw that it was good for food—that's the lust of the flesh, and it was pleasant to the eyes—that's the lust of the eye, and the tree should be desired to make one wise—that's the fruit of life she took of the fruit.

"Now, look here. God said: 'Eve, if you eat it, you'll die.' She deliberately with her eyes open, ate the fruit. When she did, she was separated from God, and when Adam ate the fruit, he, too, was separated from God . . . And man did die. And every man since then has died . . . When Adam, the federal head of the human race sinned, we sinned with him, and every person that has ever been born in the history of the world, except one, is born in sin . . .

"You have a moral disease, and that moral disease is sin. When you get a group of sinners together in what we call a society and a nation, it breaks out—this sin—in a war. And the root of all the world's ills is sin, and sin has separated

us from God. And man must pay the penalty for breaking the law of God."

Preacher Graham spurns the conventional evangelist's final heart-rending orgy of emotion. A true conversion, he thinks, must involve not only the emotions but the mind. When the first converts start to come forward, an extraordinary part of the Graham machinery swings into motion. It would surprise most converts to know that the pleasant person of their own sex and approximate age who falls into step beside them on the way to the "Inquiry Tent" is there as the result of careful planning and smooth quarter-backing.

Into the Tent. Counselors are seated through the audience under the watchful eyes of "advisers" (mostly pastors) stationed at the aisles down which the converts must come. As soon as a convert starts forward, an adviser looks him over and signals to a counselor of the right sex and age to join the convert. If, as the crowd grows the chief adviser is short of counselors, he raises his right hand (for men) or his left hand (for women). Choir Leader Cliff Barrows catches the signal and passes it along to a reserve corps of counselors. (An unattended young man or woman calls for a raised right or left index finger; an older man or woman is indicated by the thumb and forefinger forming the letter O.)

Once inside the Inquiry Tent, the assembled converts hear a brief inspirational talk by Grady Wilson, Graham's boyhood friend and now billed as his "Associate Evangelist." Billy himself often drops in for a few words, and then each counselor really goes to work. There are "B Rations" (Bible leaflets) at every seat, and most of the counselors have learned by heart the rations' Bible verses. But his final job is to fill out a card about his "baby Christian," stating his name, address, occupation, age, church membership or preference. On each card there are also four categories of decision, one of which is to be checked: 1) Acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord; 2) Reaffirmation . . .

© Sonet Shea, Organist Mickelson, Choir Leader Barrows, Pianist Smith, Preacher Wilson.

tion of Faith; 3) Assurance of Salvation; 4) Dedication of Life.

A convert's name on one of the cards sets off a chain reaction designed to lead the convert into permanent commitment in a local church (one reason why Graham, unlike many another evangelist, is popular with local churchmen). Next morning, a personal-looking letter from Billy Graham is mailed to the new convert. Later he is invited to another meeting and can order additional literature, known as an I.R. (for Instruction in Righteousness) Pack. Meanwhile, three duplicates of the "decision card" are typed up, one for the current working file, one for the future follow-up file, and one to be sent to the convert's local pastor with instructions to get to work (if the "baby Christian" has no pastor, one is chosen by a committee). If the pastor does not report back on the convert in a few weeks, he gets a jogging letter from headquarters and, eventually, a visitation.

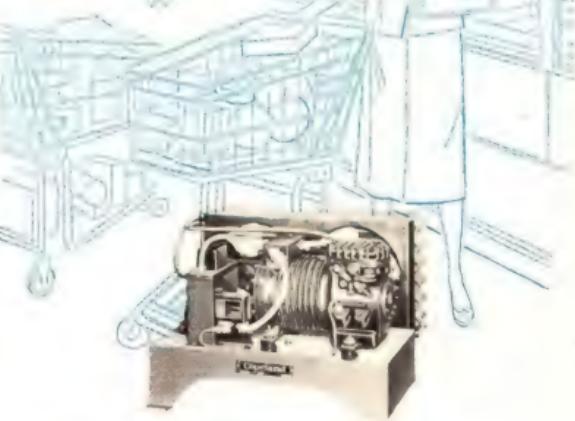
The nerve center of this operation is a Minneapolis office building, where a staff of 100 handles the mail (12,000-15,000 pieces a week incoming, 5,000-10,000 a day outgoing) and keeps tabs on far-flung activities of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. Here, amid whirring office machines, the spirit of L.B.M. meets the Spirit. Each morning, before she starts tabulating the incoming contributions, one girl clerk puts her fingers on the adding machine and says: "This is your money, God. Make it come out right."

How to Stay Humble. As high-keyed as a racehorse, Graham spends himself prodigally in God's service, but he takes good care of himself, too, eating four or five meals a day to keep up his strength, keeping a trailer at the stadium in New Orleans so he can change his sweat-drenched clothes each night immediately after speaking. He plays as much golf as he has time for (seldom more than nine holes, at an average 45). Almost obsessively clean (he takes three baths or showers on a busy day, has manicures to curb his nail-biting) and almost unnaturally natural, he moves through his world of hotel public rooms, charity drives, luncheons, interviews and popular adulthood with anxious affability and a kind of 4-H Club charm.

Billy Graham is remarkably cheerful laboring in the Lord's vineyard, but he is not at peace. Like an exhausted man fighting to keep awake, he must constantly remind himself that in all the feverish agitation amid which he walks, pride is the Devil's best weapon against him. He fights and prays for humility. The team helps. "If the Lord will keep him anointed," says Grady Wilson, "I'll keep him humble." He needles Billy mercilessly, and practical jokes are standard operating procedure. One team member, noting that the usually hatless Graham had bought himself a new hat in Dallas, filled it with shaving cream and rocked with laughter when Billy put it on. Billy gives as good as he gets. On the ship to London, he emptied Grady's seasickness capsules and filled them with mustard.

When Billy Graham goes home, it is to

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President, Johns-Manville Corporation

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power, easy access to inland waterways. The economics were right—but we could have matched most of them in many other possible locations.

"The added benefit, which tipped the scales in favor of this great and expanding southern region, was the whole-hearted co-operation of farmers, businessmen and local officials . . . and wise state governments and legislators with a realistic understanding of business problems."

For a closer look at the Middle South, write or visit the Middle South Area Office, 211 International Trade Mart, New Orleans—or any of these business-managed, tax-paying electric and gas service companies.

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New Orleans, La.



It pays to look at the Middle South

an eight-room rustic house in Montreal, N.C., where he and his wife Ruth live in unpretentious comfort (Billy tithes his \$15,000 a year from the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association). The Grahams do their best to keep their four children—Virginia, 9; Anne, 6; Ruth, 3; and William Franklin III, 2—from "hamming it up" for the tourists, who sometimes come in busloads to stare at the house. Virginia is currently trying to learn the Sermon on the Mount by heart, has been promised a bike and \$25 if she gets it down pat by Christmas. "I don't think she's going to make it," laughs her father.

Graham often conducts his morning "meditation" in bed, avoids the telephone, and dictates his newspaper columns, radio scripts and sermons half a dozen at a sitting. The spirit of the home is set by pert, pretty Ruth Bell Graham, who still knows the Bible better than her husband and whose quiet good taste has led a friend to call her "the half explanation for Billy Graham." "Not a day goes by," says Ruth, "when I don't ask the Lord for wisdom: how to bring up the children, how to make this suit, how to do this and that. It isn't really mystical . . . It's practical."

The Hungry Heart. Where does Billy Graham go from here? The stock criticism of evangelism is that its conversions are superficial and temporary; that it presents less than the whole Gospel. Graham confronts that with his unprecedented concern for seeing that each of his "baby Christians" turns into a spiritual grown-up. The full measure of his success is still to be taken, but in Britain, for instance, pastors everywhere report church attendance and membership up since his dramatic campaign.

Billy's fondest hope is to spark a real religious revival in the U.S., and if any one person can do it, he is a likely candidate. He can prophesy: "The greatest sin of America is our disregard of God . . . God has allowed evil nations to be destroyed by other wicked nations . . . God may allow Russia to destroy America. Russia will get it in the end, but she may destroy America . . . It may take persecution and humiliation to bring America to God . . . There's nothing wrong with being rich, but we're using so much of it for ourselves . . . When I see a beautiful city such as New York, I also have a vision of crumbling buildings and dust. I keep having the feeling that God will allow something to fall on us in a way I don't anticipate unless we return to Him."

Billy can prophesy, but, perhaps more important, he can also speak to the longing, hungry heart: "Oh, on the outside you put on a big front. You laugh and you joke and all the rest, but when you're alone, there it is—that void, that aching, that empty place. There is a questing; there is a hunger; there is a longing for something else in life, and you haven't found it yet and you want it."

Before Billy Graham is through, a lot more people will begin looking for it—in the Inquiry Tent.

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RADIO & TV

The Week in Review

The nation's secret files may be successfully barred to Communists, and sometimes to just plain newsmen, but they are wide open to television writers. TVmen boast that they have their grubby fingers in the file cabinets of the Treasury Department (*Treasury Men in Action*), the Bureau of the Chief Inspector, Post Office Department (*The Mail Story*), the Los Angeles Police Department (*Dragnet*), the FBI (*I Led Three Lives*), the National Legal Aid Association (*Justice*), the Los Angeles County Medical Association (*Medic*), and the San Francisco Police (*The Lineup*). *Public Defender* ranges from coast to coast in grabbing "actual cases on file in courts across the country," and U.S. newspaper morgues are looted to get plots for *The Big Story*. Last week Du Mont presented a new show, *Secret File, U.S.A.*, that was so classified that no one connected with it was quite sure just what supersecret file they were into. An executive of the producer, Official Films, Inc., said mysteriously: "There's a tie in there between the chief writer and somebody in the OSS during the war."

Secret File stars Robert Alda, and its first script had a touchingly old-fashioned air. Alda, dressed in Nazi uniform, crept into wartime Germany to locate the factory where Hitler was manufacturing a bacterium bomb. There were squads of brutal and booted Gestapo; a beautiful barmaid (Was she enemy or friend?), a German professor who recd from making weapons for mass destruction. Alda had plenty of opportunity to make a stiff upper lip and to say things like "I'm only doing a job that has to be done."

Other new shows of the week:

Spectacular No. 3 (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC) starring Judy Holliday, Steve Allen and a new comic named Dick Shawn, was a disappointment. Intended as a salute to Manhattan's City Center of Music and Drama, the show never got airborne. Funnyman Shawn opened with a long and painfully unfunny monologue about the Confederacy, while Allen and Holliday were given little material with which to overcome that initial handicap. The best number featured Judy as a short-order waitress who gets involved in a ballet rehearsal; the most tedious—except for confirmed balletomanes—was a 20-minute dance revolving about a filling station.

Honestly, Celeste! (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS) lets Comedienne Celeste Holm play hob with a newspaper office and appears to have been created by the second-string writers of NBC's *Dear Phoebe*, which is also a situation comedy laid in a newspaper office.

Father Knows Best (Sun. 10:00 p.m., CBS) is another one of CBS' patented family comedies that bear far more relation to each other than they do to life. Everyone from father Robert Young to Junior (Billy Gray) handles his untaxing chore with competence. All the situa-

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Fabric Forever In Fashion

tions and every response to them should be completely familiar to experienced television viewers.

The Search (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS) is a worthy addition to Sunday afternoon's "cultural" programs. Worked out over the past two years in cooperation with U.S. colleges and universities, the opening show traveled to the speech clinic of the University of Iowa for an engrossing examination of stutterers. It began with the reassurance to parents that the mere repetition of words by a six-year-old may bear no relation at all to stuttering: an examination of "normal" children in a nursery school proved that word repetition at that age is the rule rather than the exception. The deep emotional basis of stuttering was underlined in two graphic experiments: when a stutterer was artificially deafened so that he could not hear his own voice, he spoke with perfect diction; and three



MONTY WOOLLEY & ZASU PITTS
Miss Bedpan was adequate.

stutterers who, singly, could barely recite a sentence, did the same sentence with ease when they spoke in unison.

Envenomed Air. TV drama last week was having an awful time winding up its shows. On CBS' *Best of Broadway*, TV finally proved that it could do an adequate job on farce with an all-star production of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Viewers whose only experience of the comedy of insult had come from the cream-puff exchanges of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby may have been startled by the venom of Monty Woolley's lines. Practically his first one was an outraged shout of "I may vomit!" and, as on Broadway, he referred to Nurse Zasu Pitts as "Miss Bedpan." But it was Woolley's stage presence and precise diction that kept the farce from flying apart on TV screens. Both Merle Oberon and Joan Bennett were more beautiful than accomplished; Reginald Gardner added brightness to his impersonation of Noel Coward, while Bert Lahr was

himself, which is all a viewer can ask. For some dark reason, the TV producers decided to give the play a new, outdoor ending, and the final scene included both messy camera work and acting.

On *Climax!*, Ethel Barrymore had a field day with an antique (1916) Broadway melodrama, Bayard Veiller's *The Thirteenth Chair*. This, too, kept viewers in suspense for two acts and then fell to pieces as though Adapter Walter Newman had decided that the plot was too preposterous to bother with explanations. On ABC's *U.S. Steel Hour*, the free world was triumphing over the Reds, as it so often does on TV. *The Man with a Gun* was that serviceable melodrama about the man who returns from a Red prison and is suspected of being a planted Red agent. Gary Merrill agonized for two acts while the colonel from Intelligence, and his wife and child, wondered about his true identity. The ending was so contrived, complicated and confused that it is a wonder Merrill and his family ever got themselves properly sorted out.

With *Relish*, In Manhattan, Comic Red Buttons relished a satisfaction granted to few TV entertainers. Dropped last year by Sponsor Maxwell House coffee, Red came back this year on a new network, NBC, and with a new advertiser (Pontiac). His competing show was CBS's *Mama*, bankrolled by his old sponsor, Maxwell House. Last week's Trendex ratings showed that Buttons had scored 18.9, v. 16.4 for *Mama*.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Oct. 20. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Kid Gavilan v. Johnny Saxton, for the world's welterweight championship.

President Eisenhower (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., Du Mont, CBS Radio & NBC Radio). Speaking on "Human Rights," from Manhattan.

Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Follies of Suzy*, with Jeanmaire, Steve Allen, Dick Shawn, Connie Russell, Paul Whiteman.

Colgate Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Harpo Marx, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Ray Middleton, Ilona Massey.

Diamond Jubilee of Light (Sun. 9:11 p.m., all networks). Salute to Thomas A. Edison, with Helen Hayes, Joseph Cotten, Judith Anderson; produced by David O. Selznick.

Martha Raye Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Louis Jourdan, Denise Darcel, Rocky Graziano.

RADIO

Conversation (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). The topic "Love in America," discussed by Alistair Cooke, Faye Emerson, Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, Clifton Fadiman.

Louisville Orchestra (Sat. 10:30 p.m., CBS).

Campaign '54 (Sun. 12:05 p.m., CBS). Political news from New York and New Jersey.

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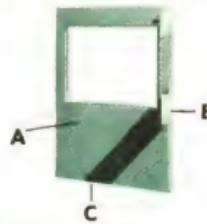
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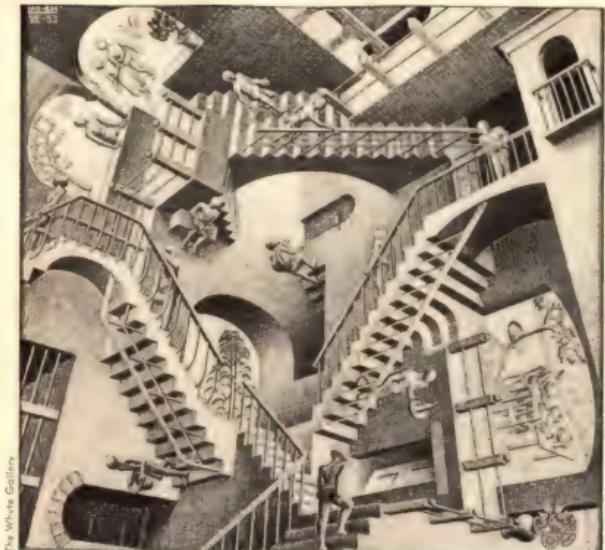
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Johns-Manville

ART



MAURITS ESCHER'S "STAIRCASES"
"I had to have all that nature first."

The Gamesman

Maurits Cornelis Escher (rhymes with mesher) looks like an El Greco cardinal in modern mufti. A gaunt, stooped 56, he wears his white spade beard, sport jacket and grey flannels with the air of a severe fellow who knows what matches what. Odd yet precise matches are Escher's forte. An exhibition of his woodcuts and lithographs in Washington last week featured flights of birds set off against schools of fish, lizards spinning in polyhedrons through the night sky, eerie figures climbing both the top and bottom sides of stairs. His art, as clear and cold as snowflakes, had visitors seeing double and buying by lots. Last week the show was almost sold out at prices ranging from \$17 to \$40.

Curiously, Escher has had little success in his native Holland. He lives quietly in Baarn, works up about half a dozen prints a year. An exhibition of his art in the Baarn high school (TIME, April 2, 1951) caught the attention of a few connoisseurs of the incomprehensible and led to last week's U.S. show. Critic Leslie Portier of the Washington Post and Times Herald reported that "critics in Europe have been trying for quite some time now to cubbyhole Escher," and proceeded to review the holes: "They have called him a mathematician, because he uses geometric solids in many of his works. They might also call him a photographer, because of the precision of his exact realism; or a surrealist, for his surprising

juxtapositions; or a visionary, because of his use of monsters and dragons; or an architect, for his carefully rendered facades and buildings. He is all of these things, and one thing more: an artist."

Artist Escher once made naturalistic

prints in Italy. Says he: "In Italy nature is so rich one must do nature. But in the north, in Holland, nature doesn't suggest anything to me, and so I have to work from imagination. It was lucky for me that I left Italy—but to do what I have done since, I had to have all that nature first." Even in his Italian days, however, Escher had a passion for patterns. Then the abstract mosaics in Spain's Alhambra suggested to him the possibility of combining tight, flat patterns with illusions of spatial depth, and he has been drawing elaborate illusions ever since. "All my works," Escher says mildly, "are games. Serious games."

Retreat of the Cleft Heads

The redhead Uri brothers, Percy and Harold, have made a fortune out of conforming to the latest taste in office buildings. Their recent constructions in Manhattan have been compared both to wedding cakes and to Assyrian ziggurats, and have more layers than the former, more bulk than the latter and about as much esthetic merit as both combined. Says Percy Uri: "We're not building in a vacuum. We're building in a market."

Hopeful of finding a place for art even in the market, the Uri brothers last month installed a bleak bronze by Sculptor Henry Moore in the stark, cavernous lobby of a building they had erected on the site of the old Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The bronze was Moore's controversial *King and Queen* (TIME, March 1), a cleft-headed, paper-thin pair of half-humans on a bench. After the superintendent reported that 75% of the tenants were saying kind things about it, the Uri brothers resignedly had the bronze hauled back to the dealer. "I still think it's lovely," Percy Uri explained last week, "but after all, the tenants are our customers."

THE AGING MODERN

WITHIN the long, long shadow of Manhattan's Rockefeller Center stands a humbler but still-haughty citadel: the Museum of Modern Art. Although New York is studded with great museums, art's blue-jean set is apt to speak of the Modern simply as "The Museum." Students generally consider the Modern's exhibitions of contemporary paintings, drawings, prints, posters, photos, autos, movies, architecture and kitchenware as the very last word. Tougher art lovers find the Modern more refreshing than infallible, but they keep coming back.

This week the Modern celebrates its 25th anniversary with a bang-up exhibition of 400 works (two-fifths of its permanent collection), including no fewer than 50 new acquisitions. Two of the happiest recent purchases, bridging a span of 33 years from Emil Nolde's expressionism to Maurice Sterne's impressionism, are reproduced opposite.

The Modern can look back on a highly energetic quarter-century, in the course of which it won the support of 800 donors (including 200 corporations), mounted some 820 exhibitions, and amassed one of the world's finest and most varied collections of late 19th and 20th century art. It can and does provide the data on Dada, the dirt on Dali, Picasso's punchlines. Matisse's more colorful moments, and De Kooning's brash blooming. Already it has outstripped its opposite numbers in Paris, Rome and Madrid, and led its public—sometimes by the nose but more often by the hand—to a thorough appreciation of contemporary art.

Until recently, the Modern planned to keep its collection fluid by passing time-proven "classics" on to other institutions. Now it has decided to hold on to them—which may be the Modern's first mark of increasing age.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS

by Emil Nolde

A pioneer among the German expressionists, Nolde painted this somber canvas in the winter of 1914-15, after an extended tour of Russia.

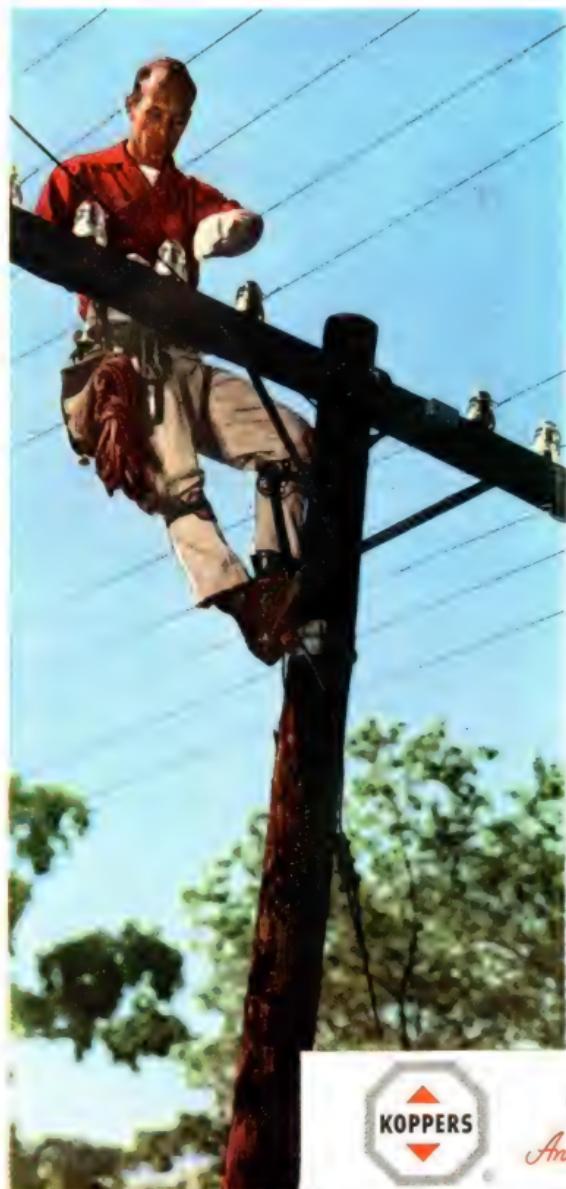


AFTER THE RAIN

by Maurice Sterne

Subtle evanescent impressions like this one done in 1948 have brilliantly crowned Sterne's long career of more formalistic, comparatively staid art.





What keeps a lineman safe?

• Aside from his skill, there are *three* things that keep a lineman from falling. His safety belt? Right. Spikes or gaffs? Right again. But unless you're in the utility business the third answer may be a puzzler.

It's creosote.

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SCIENCE

Martians over France

One morning last October, Jean Narcy, a road mender of Haute-Marne, France, was riding to work on his bicycle. In a wheat field he saw a little whiskered man just under 4 ft. tall, who wore a fur coat, an orange corset and a plush cap.

"Bonjou," said M. Narcy.

The little man muttered something like "I'll be seeing you." Then he jumped into a small (10 ft. in diameter) flying saucer, took off with a buzzing sound and disappeared into the clouds.

With Narcy's "hairy Martian" as a starting point, the French press ran wild, and a deluge of Martians has been raining down ever since. They have come in flying cigars, crowns, comets, winged mushrooms, even a flying chamber pot. Unlike Americans who have seen flying saucers, the French "sighters" paid little attention to the vehicles. They were more interested in the people from space.

The Martians were anything but standardized. One who stopped M. Roger Barraut near the town of Lavaux had brilliant eyes, an enormous mustache, wore rubbers and spoke Latin. Another asked M. Pierre Lucas, a Breton baker, for a light. He was bearded and had a single eye in the middle of his forehead. M. Lucas could not remember what language he spoke.

Paralyzing Pygmies. As the Martian invasion of France proceeded, the invaders became more bizarre. A troupe of pygmies in plastic helmets gamboled down a railroad track near Quarouble and transfixed M. Marius Dewilde with "a paralyzing beam of light." Some Martians were blue, others were yellow or pink. A traveling salesman of the Côtes-du-Nord saw a wonderful sight: a deep rose flying cigar from which stepped a zebra-striped Martian. As he alighted, he changed color, chameleon-like, from yellow to green.

The Martians marched en masse into French affairs. Cartoones welcomed them delightedly (*see cuts*). As they multiplied, they even gained respectability. *Le Figaro* reported: "Counsellor General of Alpes Maritimes greets flying saucers' first appearance on the Côte d'Azur." *France Soir* announced that "a daily flying-saucer service seems to have been established between Marais Poitevin and La Rochelle." A man from space even made the social columns of *Paris Presse*: "Mustached Martian spends weekend at Vienna." Angry deputies asked questions in Parliament. Air Force authorities (even in the U.S.) were badgered for explanations.

Before the many-colored Martians rained down on France, famed Swiss Psychiatrist C. G. Jung was asked what he thought about the saucer epidemic.

"Something is being seen," said Jung. "What is seen may be, in the case of a single observer, a subjective vision (hallucination). In the case of several or many observers, it may be a collective vision. Such a psychic phenomenon . . . could be



"What's the matter? Can you read?"



"And I suppose that's a Martian?"



"Those must come from Venus!"



Come on—we'll show you our moon."

a spontaneous reaction of the subconscious to the present conscious situation: the fear of an apparently insoluble political situation in the world . . . At such times eyes turn heavenwards . . . and miraculous forebodings of a threatening or consoling nature appear from on high."

No More Dreams. Dr. Jung blames the U.S. Air Force for mishandling the saucer epidemic and for permitting irresponsible journalists to pump it for bits of sensational-sounding information.* He does not believe that the saucers are space ships. Those that are not hallucinations, he thinks, are probably misinterpretations of physical objects or effects. But he was willing to speculate about the effect on the human race of an invasion by beings from another world.

"Should the origin of the phenomenon turn out to be an extraterrestrial one," said Dr. Jung, "it would prove an intelligent interplanetary link. The impact of such a fact on humanity is unforeseeable. But, without doubt, we would be placed in the very questionable position of today's primitive societies that clash with the superior cultures of the white race. All initiative would be wrested from us. As an old witch doctor once said to me, with tears in his eyes: We would 'have no more dreams.'

"Our sciences and technology would go to the junk pile. What such a catastrophe would mean morally we can gauge by the pitiful decline of the primitive cultures that takes place before our eyes. The capacity to manufacture [interplanetary space ships] points to a technology towering sky high over ours."

"Just as the Pax Britannica made an end to tribal warfare in Africa, so our world could roll up its Iron Curtain and use it for scrap . . . This might not be so bad. But we would have been 'discovered and colonized.'"

Tubeless Radio

The first fully transistorized radio was claimed this week by Regency, a division of Industrial Development Engineering Associates. It is not quite the wristwatch radio of the comics, but it is only a small pocketful (3 by 5 by 1½ in.), and it makes loud music on a single hearing-aid battery. Inside, instead of vacuum tubes, it has four transistors.

The chief advantage of transistors—besides their smallness—is that they have no glowing filament and therefore need no "A current" to keep the filament hot. All they need is the "B current," and very little of that. According to Edward C. Tudor, president of I.D.E.A., the 222-B battery (cost: \$1.15) lasts 20 to 30 hours if used continuously, longer when played intermittently.

* The most complete deflation of the flying-saucer delusion was written by Captain Edward J. Ruppelt, who was in charge of the Air Force's careful saucer investigation from 1951 to 1953. It was printed in the May issue of *True Magazine*, which had much to do with augmenting the saucer bubble. Captain Ruppelt's conclusion: visiting space ships are theoretically possible, but there has been no evidence to support this possibility.

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Dmitry's Tenth

The New York Philharmonic-Symphony gave the first American performance of Shostakovich's *Tenth Symphony* last week and got a divided press. "Obviously the strongest and greatest symphony that Shostakovich has yet produced," cheered the *New York Times*' Olin Downes. "Sprawling, noisy, lacking in coherent style and even culture," complained the *Herald Tribune*'s new critic, Paul Henry Lang. SHOSTAKOVICH goes, headlined the slangy *Daily News*.

The music the writers were talking about was a long (so minutes), restless work full of pretty little melodies. Perhaps in deference to the short concentration span of his audiences, the composer allowed no single idea to develop very long. As of old, Shostakovich showed his ability to stir up a storm of violence, with the brasses braying, the drums thundering, the winds shrieking and the strings paching along.

The symphony's first and third movements were darkly pensive, shifty, and reflecting Tchaikovsky's *Marche Slave* as through a flawed windowpane. The scherzo thrummed along at top speed, flinging itself into several swirling climaxes before its few minutes were over. The finale opened with a grumpy subject, developed an Oriental flavor as the winds spun harsh-voiced arabesques, then fell into a heavy-booted Russian two-step. Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos whipped the fine performance to an uproarious end that brought a storm of applause, a few cheers, and an approving comment from Soviet U.N. Delegate Andrei Vishinsky.

At 43, Dmitry Shostakovich has been up and down the ladder of official Soviet approval. In 1936 his opera *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk* was considered "neurotic" (its heroine committed murder out of boredom rather than in the interests of social progress) and was banned from Moscow. During the war his *Seventh* and *Eighth Symphonies* were, in effect, official Soviet masterpieces, although non-Soviet ears found them pretty thin stuff. But the *Ninth* got him into hot water with the party's Central Committee in 1948 ("it smelled strongly of the spirit of modern bourgeois music").

The *Tenth* has the solid virtues of sturdy orchestration and an unmistakable Russian flavor. However, its reception at its Leningrad premiere ten months ago was almost as divided as Manhattan's. Chief criticism: the symphony was "profoundly tragic," an artistic attitude considered antithetic to Soviet society, especially if the music depicted a lonely individual. But an answering article got Shostakovich off the hook by inventing a dialectically dazzling new term. The composer, who had dedicated his work to world peace had, it appeared, really written an "optimistic tragedy." Or, as the slogan had it in Orwell's *1984*, "War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery."

Dutch Treat

Backstage at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall last week, 101 musicians in evening clothes puffed nervously at their cigarettes and filled the air with the Dutch language. They were the famed Amsterdam Concertgebouw (almost rhymes with dessert-'n'-how) Orchestra, launching their first U.S. tour. The thought of being in Carnegie Hall, where most of the world's finest orchestras have been heard, awed many of the players. They need not have worried. From the moment Conductor Eduard van Beinum quieted the rustling audience with a masterful glance, it was apparent this would be a concert to remember.

In the tricky first bars of Weier's *Der Freischütz* overture, the French horns



Tommy Weber

CONDUCTOR VAN BEINUM (AT REHEARSAL)
Rembrandt and old rose.

were as rich as a Rembrandt painting, and the big string section gave off an aura as warm as the old rose of the eleven cellos. The Concertgebouw made less noise than the best U.S. orchestras, and its climaxes were never ear-piercing. Rather, it seemed to inhale smoothly, reach its peaks easily, then relax with a sigh instead of an exhausted gasp.

With understandable pride, the orchestra played a modern Dutch composition, Henk Badings' *Symphony No. 2* (1932), a sturdy work that might have been written by a latter-day Brahms; its three movements definitely dissonant but never harsh. High point of the concert was Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé Suite No. 2*, in which the strings provided a deep, sunset-colored perspective for the shrill syrinx tones of the piccolo, and the brasses built easily to a sweeping culmination. There were subtle orchestral colors that listeners had never heard before, but for all the music's impressionist vagueness, it never seemed cloudy. The concert ended with a performance of Brahms' *First Symphony*, so magnificently traditional that



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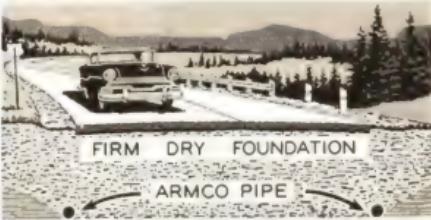
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composer might have applauded it as enthusiastically as the Carnegie audience did.

On its U.S. tour, the Concertgebouw will be led only part of the time by Conductor van Beinum, who succeeded the late Willem Mengelberg as its head in 1946. Half the concerts will be led by Czech-born Rafael Kubelik, 40, who conducted the Chicago Symphony for three stormy years and next fall will become musical director of London's Covent Garden Opera. Before the Concertgebouw leaves for home on Dec. 4, it will play such major U.S. cities as Washington, D.C., Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia.

New Pop Records

K. C. Douglas (Cook LP). A latter-day blues shouter and guitar man combines a primitive manner with sophisticated trimmings, yesterday's feeling with today's subjects. Sample blues lyric:

*Hey, Mama you look so fine
Ridin' around in that Merc'ry forty-nine,*

*Cause I'm crazy 'bout a Merc'ry
Yaz, I'm crazy 'bout a Merc'ry Ford.*

"Fats" (Fats Waller; Victor, 2 LPs). A welter of Wallerana, including the insolent ("I feel so effervescent today") voice, the bouncy piano that somehow sounds ribald, his second-rate sidemen and some previously unreleased material.

Teen-Age Dance Session (Dan Terry & his Orchestra; Columbia LP). A big, smooth band follows the tradition of the swinging '40s in eight new tunes with teen-age titles (*Denim Blues, Saddle Shoe Shuffle*). Terry plays some pretty, growly trumpet, and the ensemble is fine.

Toshiko (Norgan LP). A Japanese girl pianist called Toshiko plays jazz in the style of Bud Powell, crisper than Marion McPartland, less mellow than Oscar Peterson (who discovered her in a Tokyo nightclub), but able and inventive.

Cinnamon Sinner (Tony Bennett; Columbia). "She's got sugar-dipped kisses and cherry-tipped charms," warbles Tony hoarsely, and goes on to rave about the lady's other sweet-flavored assets.

Mama Doll Song (Patti Page; Mercury). Mother instinct takes over, with bosomy Patti lovingly imitating the cry of a mechanical doll in waltz tempo, all undisturbed by Freudian implications. Bestseller-bound.

Op Shop (Crew-Cuts; Mercury). "C'mon, baby. I need your love tonight" is the gist of this message, unless the title means something else. The male quartet that smashed the top with *Sh-Boom* is probably going to repeat its success with this unpleasant item.

When I Stop Loving You (Frank Sinatra; Capitol). The breeze that accompanies a few welcome clichés might waft this melodious ballad into popularity.

Wide-Screen Mama Blues (Stan Freberg; Capitol). The top-tune business, particularly that muscular field called "rhythm and blues," gets a heartfelt razzing. "Wide-Screen Mama," bellows FUNnyman Freberg (under the screaming riffs), "don't you Cinerama me."



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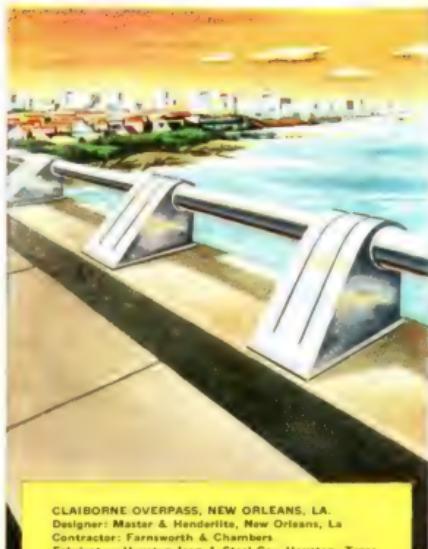
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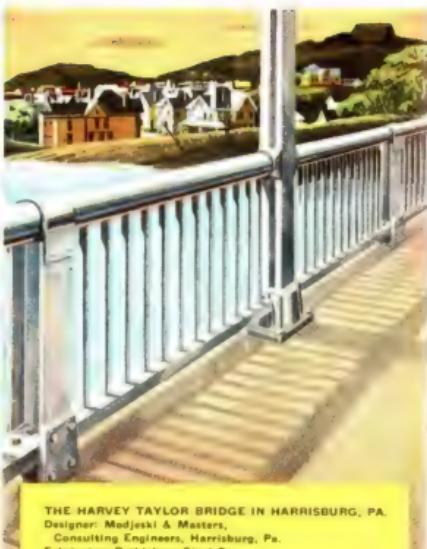
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MILESTONES

MARRIED. Mala Powers, 22, auburn-haired cinemactress (*Outrage*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*) who nearly died from a blood disease acquired in a 1951 Christmas entertainment tour in Korea; and Monte Vanton, 36, real estate broker; in Hollywood.

DIED. Maurice Bedel, 69, French satiric novelist (*Jérôme: Sixty Degrees North Latitude*, *The New Arcadia*), winner (in 1927) of the Goncourt Prize, chronicler in his prewar novels of the evils of Fascism and Nazism; of uremia; in Châtellerault, France.

DIED. Theodore Lyman, 79, retired Harvard physicist and past president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the American Physical Society; in Cambridge, Mass. A pioneer in the investigation of ultraviolet radiation, tall, aloof Bachelor Lyman discovered the "Lyman series" of wave lengths, which contributed fundamentally to the development of atomic theory.

DIED. Edward Hull Crump, 80, since 1909 the iron-fisted boss of Memphis and, for two decades, of the whole state of Tennessee; of a heart ailment; in Memphis. Born into grinding poverty in the Mississippi backwoods of carpetbagger days, foxy Ed Crump got control of Memphis Shelby County when he was elected mayor at 35, moved into state politics in the '30s. From 1930 (when the stock-market crash removed his last rival) until Estes Kefauver's successful insurrection in 1948, he ruled Tennessee politics with a benevolent but despotic grip, faithfully delivered election in and election out, 60,000-vote majorities to his hand-picked candidates. White-manned Boss Crump, with a grandpappy grin and an eloquent gift for invective (he once said that an opponent would "milk his neighbor's cow through a crack in the fence"), gave Memphis emerald-green parks, good schools and libraries, roared around town yelling "Hiya, boy" at anyone who would look his way (and all Memphians did), got rich on an insurance company that everyone in his bailiwick clamored to patronize.

DIED. David Coupar Thomson, 93, Scottish press lord and bitter anti-traditionalist; in Dundee, Scotland. Owner of three newspapers (including the Glasgow *Sunday Post*, with the largest Sunday circulation in Scotland). Publisher Thomson made his employees sign contracts that forbade them to join unions, was finally forced to back down in 1952 in the face of a threatened boycott of the Trades Union Congress and affiliated unions. His papers always bore the imprint of his crusty personality. After a row with Winston Churchill in 1922 over a political speech, he barred Churchill's name from the Thomson papers until World War II made occasional use of it unavoidable.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Two Points Ahead

Despite a dip in auto production, U.S. industrial production is on the upgrade. Last week the Federal Reserve Board reported that September industrial production had climbed two points over August, to a one-point decline for the comparable period of 1953. Other signs of upturn: ¶ Steel output at Pittsburgh rose to an estimated 74% of capacity last week, up from 70.6% the previous week, and the highest level since April. Chicago mills went to 73.8% from 70.3%, and Youngstown operations rose 1.2%, to 72%. ¶ Construction awards of all types rose to a record \$1.8 billion in September, up 15% from the previous month and 4% from a year ago.

¶ New car stocks dropped to 485,000 units, down 10% from a year ago, and 40% under the record high of last May. Total business inventories dropped below the year-ago level for the first time this year.

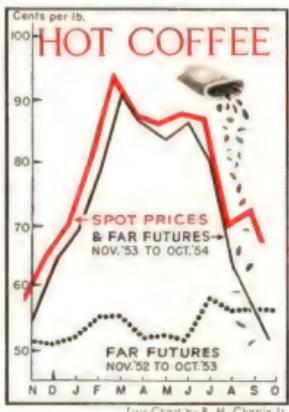
¶ New claims for jobless benefits declined to 240,000, the lowest level in a year.

COMMODITIES

Old Coffee Grounds

A nation that loves its coffee was treated last week to one of the muddiest cups yet brewed. The Federal Trade Commission filed a formal complaint against the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange and eight of its members. The charge: restraining coffee trading and thereby causing prices to rise out of all proportion to supply and demand. As it had before (TIME, Aug. 9), FTC hit hard at the exchange's "restrictive" contract, which permits trading only in "Santos 4" coffee, an average grade shipped from Brazil's port of Santos and accounting for 10% of U.S. consumption (2.78 billion lbs. last year). FTC suggested that the exchange "cease and desist" from the narrow-futures trading that prevents coffee prices "from being an adequate reflection of supply and demand." Said FTC: "There is a direct relationship existing between the prices specified in a contract for delivery of coffee at a future date and the spot price of that same coffee on this date."

What's Wrong? But when FTC's vague complaint was combed for specific charges of wrongdoing by the exchange, even commodity experts wondered just what coffee-men had done wrong. If FTC hoped to prove that coffee traders had rigged prices last winter by sale of far-futures contracts, i.e., contracts made between November 1952 and October 1953 for coffee to be delivered a year later (see chart), it had only to look at the figures to see that there was no correlation. If FTC hoped to prove that current far-future prices, i.e., on contracts sold between November 1953 and October 1954, are affected by current spot



prices, it would find a widening gulf over the past three months.

If FTC expected to prove that in a period of rising prices, speculation helps run them up, that would be easy. On the Coffee Exchange, as on other commodity markets, speculative buying often runs prices up in a rising market, just as speculative selling pushes prices down in a falling market. But such trading, with the speculators taking the risks, is the traditional way that has been worked out to guarantee to coffee roasters that they will have supplies at a certain time and price.

Standard of Value. Coffee Exchange President Gustavo Lobo Jr. said that FTC's complaint about coffee was made

on "flimsy grounds," and put the blame on the July 1953 frost that threatened a coffee shortage and touched off a wild rise in prices. Lobo explained that Santos 4 coffee is the basis for trading because it "is the most popular coffee, the . . . standard of value." But the exchange does trade in other grades, said he (in all, about 40% of U.S. coffee). Actually, prices are set not by the exchange alone. Such big roasters as A. & P., General Foods, Standard Brands, etc., which have their own buyers in Brazil, import much of the coffee brewed in the U.S. If the price of Santos 4 climbs too high on the exchange, as happened this summer, Colombian coffee soon moves in and prices start to slide.

AUTOS

Chrysler's New Models

When Chrysler Corp. went through its last big model change two years ago, the company thought it had its finger firmly on the public pulse. Corporation surveys showed that customers wanted shorter, easier-to-maneuver cars with less chrome and plenty of interior height so nobody mashed his hat. The result: Chrysler sales plummeted nearly 50% as the great U.S. car buyer turned to the longest, slinkiest cars he could find. Last week, taking no chances on 1955, Chrysler President Lester L. ("Tex") Colbert showed newsmen a 1955 line that is as long and low as anything on the road. The company, said Colbert, spent \$250 million on the greatest design change in company history.

The new line, which will go on sale in mid-November, is as much as 2 in. lower, at least 1 in. wider than present models. Low-priced Plymouth, which was jostled out of third place this year by G.M.'s Buick, will be stretched 10½ in. to an overall length of 204 in. (v. 198 in. for the current Ford, 196 for the current Chevrolet); medium-priced Dodge will be 212 in. long, only 4 in. shorter than Cadillac. Up and down the line, every model will have bodies that taper gracefully in at the top, wrap-around windshields, longer, lower hoods. Inside, all automatic shift levers have been transferred to the dashboard. Outside, customers can take their choice of 56 solid paint jobs, 173 two-tone combinations, even a few three-tone combinations.

The mechanical changes are just as big. Chrysler, which already leads in power with its 235-h.p. V-8, will boost it to 260 h.p. or better. De Soto (170 h.p.) and Dodge (150 h.p.) V-8s will also boost their horsepower. Plymouth, which poked along for years with a straight six-cylinder engine, will add a brand-new 150 h.p. V-8. All cars will have new suspension systems, wider rear springs for more comfortable riding. Every line will now offer the full range of power equipment—power steering, power brakes, electric window lifts, power seats.



Associated Press
EXCHANGE PRESIDENT LOBO
Trouble in the futures?

TIME CLOCK

To compete with Lincoln and Cadillac in the top-priced field, Chrysler has added a brand-new luxury car. The new Imperial will be entirely different from standard Chryslers, look like the experimental Ghia sports car (TIME, Nov. 16, 1953) built in Italy with low continental lines, have a pair of striking tail lights perched atop the rear fenders.

Said Chrysler President Colbert, whose 1954 model cars have won only 11% of the total auto market thus far: "This year we're shooting for 20% of the market, and after that we'll set our sights higher."

INDUSTRY

The Helpful Atom

At least once a month some investment expert asks plump, balding Robert E. Wilson, 61, chairman of Standard Oil of Indiana, the same irksome question: How will atomic power affect the oil industry? Last week Oilman Wilson^o stood up before the third annual atomic energy convention of the National Industrial Conference Board to give the oil industry's answer. Said he:

"There will be few, if any, atomic power plants built for purely commercial purposes in this country within ten years. These would be only at points remote from conventional fuel supplies . . . without direct or indirect subsidy from the Government . . . The Shippingport plant (TIME, March 22) does not qualify as an unsubsidized plant, since the Government is justifiably paying well over half the total cost. [In ten to 25 years, a few unsubsidized atomic] power plants might be built. [but] no existing plant of reasonable efficiency would be shut down or converted to atomic fuel . . .

"The country's needs for energy are expanding so rapidly that the ultimate problem is not what fuel is going to be crowded out, but what can come along to help carry the rapidly growing load. [Atomic energy] will not be a competitor but a burden sharer."

AGRICULTURE

Sheepmen's Subsidy

While many a dairyman and grain farmer fretted about sagging Government price supports, wool growers had much to be thankful for last week. The Agriculture Department announced a guarantee of 62¢ a lb. for the 1955 wool clip, 17% above the current support level and a generous 106% of parity. The bigger subsidy, authorized by congressional revision of the Wool Act last summer, was designed to spur wool output to 300 million lbs. annually from a near-record low of 230 million lbs. this year.

^o No kin to Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, or former General Electric President Charles E. Wilson.

TV PRICES, after dropping for four years, are now climbing back up again. Philco touched it off by boosting 1955 models by \$10 to \$20 a set because of higher costs, has been quickly followed by others, including both Emerson and Admiral, which announced price cuts when they introduced new sets this summer.

URANIUM STRIKE in Wyoming may turn into one of the biggest yet. Part-time prospector and Machine-shop Operator Neil McNeice hit a rich ore deposit 45 miles east of Riverton. American Smelting & Refining considers the area so promising that it will operate with the AEC a uranium-buying station at Riverton.

BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY whose prestige was hard hit when its Comet 1 jetliner was grounded after a series of disasters (TIME, May 10), is due for another blow. The government-owned British Overseas Airways Corp., which had hoped to replace its American equipment with new British planes, is negotiating with Douglas Aircraft for ten DC-7s, to be powered by British turboprops, for its future fleets.

OIL LEASES to federal land, on the seaward side of the submerged lands awarded the states by Congress last year, are finally being sold to private oil companies. The Government has leased 97 tracts (total: about 300,000 acres) ten miles or more off the Louisiana coast to 25 private operators for \$130 million. Highest bid: \$6,100,000 by San Antonio's Forest Oil Co. for a promising 5,000-acre tract near Timbalier Island, La.

GERMAN AUTO PRODUCTION has climbed to a new high, will wind up 1954 a record 30% above last year. The September total: 63,364 cars and trucks, 5,000 more than the previous high in March.

PAPER INDUSTRY is in trouble with the Federal Trade Commission over prices. The FTC has issued a

cease-and-desist order to the National Paper Trade Association, 22 regional associations, and 100 individual distributors of fine paper (stationery, bond, etc.) and wrapping paper. The charge: that they have combined to establish and maintain price schedules for their products.

GAS-HEATING BOOM has helped push the gas industry into the nation's sixth biggest business, says American Gas Association President Earl H. Eacker, who predicts that producers will spend \$3.5 billion (total industry assets: \$13.5 billion) on expansion for natural gas alone over the next four years. By the end of this year, 14 million U.S. households will be heated by gas, with another 1,000,000 new customers coming in each year.

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING is now completely owned by Colonel Henry Crown, who has bought the last batch of outstanding stock. His outlay for the world's tallest building: \$49.5 million. Crown will now spend another \$3,000,000 for improvements, including air-conditioning the entire building.

ATOMIC-PLANE ENGINE is being pushed by the Air Force. Pratt & Whitney will soon start construction with the Air Force on a \$30 million nuclear lab at East Hartford, Conn., to speed development of the engine.

WILLYS MOTORS, which was shut down last June, starting rumors that it was going out of business (TIME, Aug. 2), will stay in automaking at least through 1955. Company is now tooling up for 1955 production, plans to introduce its new model around the end of the year.

ONE-DAY FLIGHTS from the West Coast to Europe via the North Pole will start Nov. 15. The Civil Aeronautics Board has given Scandinavian Airlines permission to fly the polar route between Los Angeles and Stockholm (TIME, June 14).

Although the boost was originally proposed by wool-state Congressmen as a defense measure, it was also their price for going along with the Administration's program of lower support prices for other agricultural products. Actually, the fatter subsidy could result in lower consumer prices for woolen goods, because Congress also decided that the 1955 clip should seek its own price level in a free market. The Government will make up the difference to growers out of the duties on wool imports. Under the present law, the Government guarantees the growers up to 90% of parity by buying up their surplus production.

When the new program goes into effect next April, a \$65 million kitty from customs revenues will be available for subsidies. If the program had been in effect this year, it would have cost the Government about \$21 million to bridge the gap

between the free market and the guaranteed prices. Agriculture also announced that as soon as the higher subsidies raise wool production to the 300 million-lb. goal, there will be a new target of 360 million lbs. set up.

Account Rendered

Before 300 Texas ranchers last week, Tojie Harrell, president of Fort Worth's big Traders Oil Mill Co., made a short speech. Said he: "In 1953 I realized all of us would meet somewhere, but I thought it would be in the poorhouse instead of like this." The occasion was a party in honor of Tojie Harrell and his part in preserving an old Texas tradition: that a Texan's word is as good as his bond. After the ranchers had eaten all the fried chicken they could hold and had sung themselves hoarse, they gave him a "cow shower" as a token of their esteem: a

HOW BIG IS TOO BIG?

A New Yardstick for Monopoly

NOBODY is henceforth going to be afraid of or suspicious of any business merely because it is big." With these words, spoken after the passage of the Clayton Antitrust Act in 1914, President Woodrow Wilson thought he had laid to rest, once and for all, the question of how big a business should be. He could not have been more wrong. Time and time again, the nation's industrial giants have been haled into court on antitrust charges that smacked of prosecution for bigness alone. The problem has been raised again by the roadblock against the Bethlehem-Youngstown steel merger (TIME, Oct. 11), although Bethlehem claimed that the merger would have permitted it to expand in the Midwest markets, thereby increasing competition. Thus, at issue is the old question: Can the size of a business be limited?

In the 1945 decision that restricted Alcoa's further expansion, Federal Judge Learned Hand tried to set up a percentage chart. Said he: "If [Over 60% of the market] is enough to constitute a monopoly; it is doubtful whether 60% or 64% would be enough, and certainly .33% is not." But many another judge and businessman have disagreed. The confusion over bigness and monopoly started in 1890 with the Sherman Act, the forerunner of all antitrust legislation. Although the act clearly stated that any person "who shall monopolize" is guilty of a crime, it failed to define monopoly. Thus every merger in the early trustbusting days was a calculated risk. Industry breathed easier after the Supreme Court in 1911 adopted the flexible "rule of reason," which held that only "unreasonable restraints on commerce" violated the Sherman Act. The question was further clarified when the Supreme Court, in its 1920 decision on U.S. Steel, ruled that "the law does not make mere size . . . or the existence of unexerted power an offense." But in the Depression-ridden '30s, when "economic royalists" were fair game, the Democratic Administration again held that mere size and power were the dangers. The Supreme Court, in its 1946 American Tobacco decision, agreed, ruling that monopoly exists when "power exists to raise prices or to exclude competition." In effect, a business did not have to restrict competition to be guilty; it merely had to have the power.

The old rule of reason returned early last year when Boston's Federal Judge Charles Wykanski brought forth a new, clear-cut doctrine, and won the Supreme Court's endorsement. Said

Judge Wykanski: "The defendant may escape statutory liability if it . . . owes its monopoly solely to superior skill, superior products, natural advantages . . . low margins of profit maintained and without discrimination, or licenses."

One big reason for the great shift in legal opinions is that the economic yardsticks by which bigness is measured have been constantly changing. When the antitrust acts were first passed, few companies were in the \$100 million class; today there are more than a dozen in the billion-plus class. Yet nobody raises a serious complaint that these companies are too big. They and other giants have proved that big companies can not only be more efficient in many industries (e.g., autos), but only big companies can afford the research often needed to develop new industries. For example, RCA spent \$50 million on black and white TV, another \$12 million on color.

Furthermore, economists now recognize that competition is not just between corporations in one industry; it is also between rival industries, e.g., coal competes with oil and gas. Last week the General Services Administration itself argued this when the Justice Department turned down a GSA plan to sell the Government's biggest magnesium plant to Dow Chemical Co. on the ground that the sale would give Dow a complete monopoly in magnesium. But GSA argued that such a monopoly would not hurt consumers because Dow would be held in check by competition from other metals.

Businessmen themselves now recognize that efficiency sets its own limit on bigness unless the company, in effect, breaks itself up into smaller corporations, i.e., nearly autonomous units that actually compete with each other in the way that General Motors' Buick competes with G.M.'s Oldsmobile. Thus, the industrial giants have actually intensified competition. In the auto industry, for example, competition has grown so fierce that the smaller independents feel they can survive only by combining into new giants. The consumer has benefited by better cars at lower prices.

Actually, the only test of bigness and monopolistic power under the new rule of reason proposed by both courts and businessmen is whether the consumer benefits. If he does, then no corporation is too big. If he does not, then the corporation may be too big to be efficient. As a result, it may eventually be put out of business by a smaller, more efficient producer.

brand-new ranch Jeep and a truckload of 25 prime Angus calves.

To Jim Harrell had indeed almost put them all in the poorhouse. Two years ago, whole herds of Texas cattle suddenly developed a deadly disease called hyperkeratosis, and cattle died by the thousands. The disease was finally traced to cottonseed cake pellets sold by Traders Oil Mill Co. The cake had apparently been poisoned by chlorinated naphthalene in a machinery lubricant used by Harrell's feed company (TIME, March 30, 1953). Legally the cattlemen might have had a hard time collecting; chemical tests on dead cattle rarely show the naphthalene because the fatal quantities are so minute. Furthermore, since most feed contracts are on a handshake basis—with no written guarantee of purity—the company might have squirmed out from under the ground that the oil company making



Dub McPhail—Fort Worth Star-Telegram
FEEDMAN HARRELL (AS GUEST OF HONOR)
inside of the poorhouse, a party.

the lubricant had changed the formula without notice. Instead, President Harrell assumed full responsibility. Said he, in a letter to all of his customers: "This situation did not result from a mistake by our company. However, when a man buys our feed, he expects it to be good feed."

Harrell set up teams to handle all claims, had every cattlemen come to his office to settle on a figure. To each, Harrell offered a mutually acceptable price for every cow or steer lost, signed and handed over each check personally. One rancher filed a claim for 1,500 head, walked out with a check for \$57,000. A widow, whose herd had been wiped out, got enough for a new herd.

With the payoff completed, the grateful ranchers decided to honor Harrell. Feedman Harrell, who had lost 40 lbs. sweating out the payments, would not say just how much the disease had cost him or how it would affect his company, but he admitted that the payment ran "into the millions." Said a small rancher at the party last week: "He didn't have to do anything. He could have told us to go to hell."



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CORPORATIONS

Wolfson at Work

In his fight for control of Chicago's Montgomery Ward & Co., Florida Financier Louis E. Wolfson and friends have been buying stock in the \$1 billion-a-year store chain and mail-order firm at a fast pace (TIME, Sept. 6). Last week Wolfson arrived in Chicago to set up a proxy-soliciting office right under the nose of crotchety old Board Chairman Sewell Avery, and announced that he and his associates now own more than 300,000 shares (8% of the stock outstanding).

Wolfson does not intend to say any more about his holdings until the annual meeting next April. But he plans to sue Ward in the New York County Supreme Court this week for a list of stockholders from Manhattan's J. P. Morgan & Co., the stock-transfer agent.

At the press conference where he announced his plans, Wolfson also was questioned on how he has operated other companies that he has taken over. Asked one reporter: What about Wolfson's reputation for "milking" companies? Replied Wolfson: "I have been a milker of only one company—[Washington's] Capital Transit Co." This occurred in 1950, when Wolfson and friends bought working control (45.6%) of Capital at \$20 a share, quickly paid themselves \$30 in dividends from money in the till. Wolfson said that Capital was regulated by a public board, that the shareholders had only been getting a 1.94% return (5¢ a year). Added he: "I wouldn't follow that policy in any but a regulated organization."

Sheraton Adds a Link

San Franciscans braced themselves last week for the city's first invasion by a major hotel chain, and no native regretted the change more than a shy little lady in her 70s. She was Mrs. William B. John-



Ullis Poggen—Cal Pictures
PRESIDENT JOHNSTON & WAITER

Boston found a pendant.

ston, president and majority stockholder of the famed, Victorian-flavored Palace Hotel, which is being taken over by Boston's Sheraton Corp. Said Mrs. Johnston, who was born in the Palace and whose family has owned the hotel all its 79 years: "It's the trend of the times, isn't it? All the great old hotels are going into chain operations."

There was no mistaking the trend (TIME, Dec. 7 *et seq.*). Besides the Palace, Sheraton last week picked up Manhattan's 1,500-room McAlpin for \$900,000, its fifth hotel purchase in two months. Now the No. 2 chain in the country, with 32 hotels with room for 24,000 guests, the Sheraton beat No. 1 Operator Conrad Hilton (with 27 hotels sleeping 30,000) to the Palace by offering Mrs. Johnston about \$6,500,000, or some \$2,000,000 more than Hilton.



Ullis Poggen—Cal Pictures
THE PALACE'S GARDEN COURT DINING ROOM
General Grant lost his teeth.

The Palace makes a bright pendant on any hotel chain. Opened in 1875 by Mrs. Johnston's grandfather, U.S. Senator William Sharon, who made millions in the Comstock lode and never got over his miner's habit of carrying a pistol, the \$5,000,000 Palace was then considered the most luxurious hotel in the world. It had 800 rooms, and the smallest was 16 ft. square. Sarah Bernhardt stayed in an eight-room suite with her parrot and baby tiger; General Grant came as a Civil War hero, had to mumble speeches when he lost his false teeth. Kipling shuddered at the spitoons, called the hotel "a seven-storyed warren of humanity." President Harding died there.*

The great San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906 destroyed the Palace (Singer Enrico Caruso fled from the hotel with a towel wrapped around his neck and clutching an autographed picture of Teddy Roosevelt), but a new 600-room, \$8,000,000 Palace was quickly built. Most notable feature: the Garden Court dining room, with its domed glass ceiling, marble pillars and crystal chandeliers.

Mrs. Johnston, who has been president of the Palace Hotel Co. since 1939, says it has been a consistent moneymaker. But profits have diminished in recent years, from \$227,000 net in 1948 to \$66,000 last year. By giving the Palace the benefit of its advertising and guest-referral system, Sheraton thinks it can improve profits without harming its traditions.

So does Mrs. Johnston, who will stay there as a guest several months each year. But, she warned, she will leave "if there's any monkey business."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

George Romney, 47, moved up from executive vice president of American Motors Corp. to president, succeeding the late George W. Mason (TIME, Oct. 18). Though Mason had been interested in a possible merger with Studebaker-Packard, one of Romney's first acts was to announce that "there are no mergers under way either directly or indirectly." The son of an old Mormon family and still a Mormon church reader, Romney earned his first money at eleven, harvesting sugar. He worked his way through Salt Lake City's Latter-day Saints' College, did the traditional Mormon missionary stint in England for two years, and then returned to Utah for further study. In 1929 he attended George Washington University in Washington, D.C. At the same time, he worked for Massachusetts Senator David Walsh on tariff matters, doing much of the spadework on the famed Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. The next year he joined Aluminum Co. of America, among other jobs was a door-to-door salesman in Los Angeles before returning to Washington



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CAST IRON PIPE

CAST IRON

* Three months ago, the Sheraton chain bought Chicago's Blackstone Hotel, where Harding was picked as the 1920 G.O.P. presidential nominee in the famed "smoke-filled room" (40B-410).

"What! \$5⁰⁰ a week free us from money worries?"

I can hear myself now. Astonished at Betty's idea of building for the future—on \$5 a week!

It was one of "those nights." The beat-up budget in front of us, and not much else. The discussion got around to our friends the Shanks. We'd seen them take off on another trip the day before. I'd asked Ben how he could afford it and he cold me. Betty was right there—all ears.

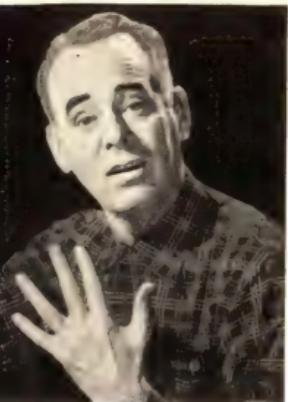
"Here we go again," Ben said proudly. "Free as the wind—and no worry about money. Sure, it took some planning. But Mary and I started when we were about your age. So can you."

There I was—my mind ticking off facts: Betty and I just getting by, keeping up appearances, and raising a family. Having our same old "budget battle" every month. The future wasn't too rosy and I was stumped.

I was still thinking about the Shanks when Betty slammed the account book shut. "Joe," she said, "you're giving me \$5 a week from now on—and no 'maybes' about it!"

"OK, Betty," I said jokingly. "If you can find it, it's yours. But, tell me, what's it all about?"

Betty replied calmly, "To bring us



freedom from money worries."

"What!" and I must have yelled, "\$5 a week settle our money problems?"

Then Betty poured it on. "\$5 a week can be the start—if you want to start—if we're going to work as a team to find a way to financial security."

At first, I was skeptical. Then, as Betty explained that *starting somewhere—not putting things off*—was the secret, it made sense. As my income increased, Betty said, our investment in future happiness and comfort would increase. And, some day, we could take trips like the Shanks.

Later, I found that she got all the details from Mary Shanks. Even the name of a Bankers Life man to call. Naturally, I took the \$5 a week idea to him, and worked out a Double Duty Dollar Plan that was perfect.

Today, tomorrow, or next week Betty and I can take off on a trip . . . without a money worry in the world. The check from Bankers Life comes every month—like clockwork. So, now you know why I can still hear myself questioning Betty about how \$5 a week could start us on the road to freedom from money worries! Best question I ever asked—look at us now!

as a lobbyist for the company when it was investigated on antitrust charges in 1937. He joined the Automobile Manufacturers Association in 1939 and rose to managing director. Romney became good friends with George Mason, then president of the A.M.A. When Mason became chairman of Nash in 1948, he invited Romney along "to learn the business from the ground up" as his roving assistant.

F. A. Ferrogiaro, 64, became board chairman of California's Bank of America, the world's biggest private bank, replacing A. J. Gock, 65, who retired. Fred Ferrogiaro has been with the bank longer than any other employee, starting as a messenger boy in 1906. He was made vice president in 1931, executive vice president in 1940, and from 1944 on also supervised the bank's major loans (e.g.,



ASSOCIATED PRESS
AMERICAN MOTORS' ROMNEY
From the ground up.

to Henry Kaiser, Israel, etc.). Given the chairmanship as an honorarium, he will retire on his 65th birthday next May.

C. Putnam, 52, announced that he would step down as board chairman of Atlanta's Delta Air Lines, Inc. this week. A well-to-do Princeton graduate ('24), Putnam bought his own plane, became so enthusiastic about flying that he formed Chicago & Southern Air Lines in 1934. When C. & S. merged with Delta last year, Putnam tangled with Delta President C. E. Woolman over the lower-echelon jobs given C. & S. executives.

Gale B. ("Gus") Aydelott, 40, became vice president and general manager of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, as such will be the line's top operating boss. He succeeds K. L. Moriarity, who went to work for New York Central President A. E. Perlman, formerly executive vice president of the D. & R. G. W. Starting as a D. & R. G. W. gang laborer in 1936, Aydelott worked his way up as track inspector, chief mechanical officer and division superintendent.

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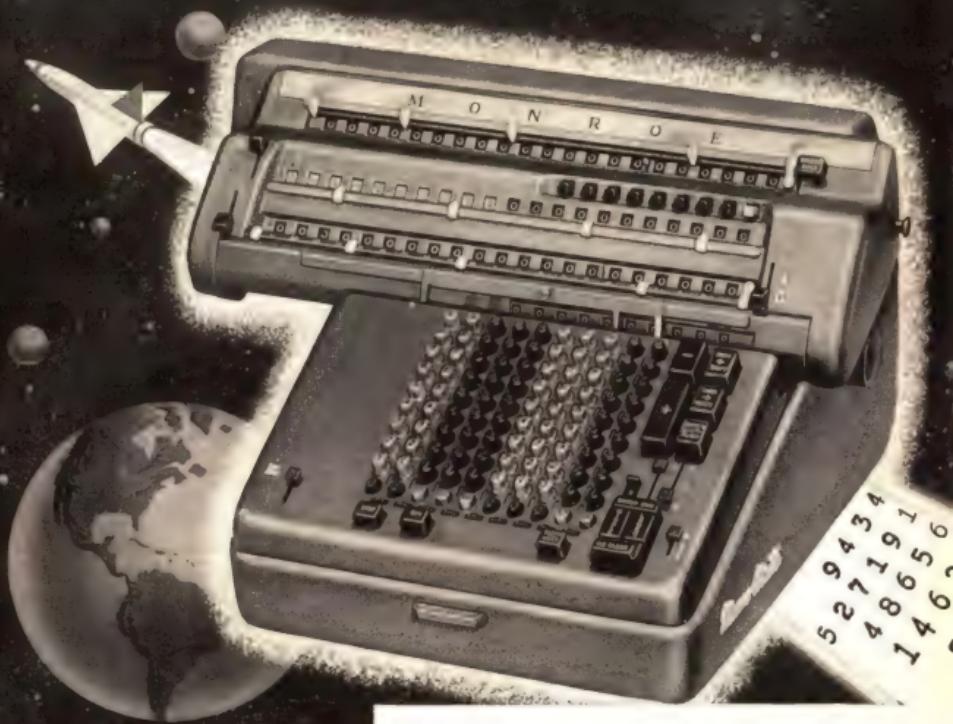
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CINEMA



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JAMES MASON & JUDY GARLAND
Sobs, sighs, sulks—and socks.

The New Pictures

A Star Is Born (Transco; Warner) is a massive effort, unreeling ponderously for three hours and two minutes, to convert the Hollywood legend into something like Wagnerian musicomedy. The producers assumed astonishing risks. The story and the title were borrowed from a famed old Academy Award winner (1937) that has been shown to death on television in recent years. Furthermore, the star, Judy Garland, was a 32-year-old has-been, as infamous for temperance as she is famous for talent.

What's more, all the producers' worst dreams came true. Day after day, while the high-priced help—including Judy's husband, Producer Sidney Luft—stood around waiting for the shooting to start, Judy sulked in her dressing room. In the end, *Star* took ten months to make, cost about \$8,000,000. But after Judy had done her worst in the dressing room, she did her best in front of the camera, with the result that she gives what is just about the greatest one-woman show in modern movie history.

The picture's old familiar story: Norman Maine (James Mason), a hard-boozing screen lover, meets a blues singer named Esther Blodgett (Judy Garland), realizes that she could be terribly important not only to millions of fans but to him. He gets her a screen test; she becomes a great star—and his wife.

As her star rises, his drops. Just as he is about to give up her career to save his soul, he saves her life by ending his. The wife pulls herself together and goes on—and so a star is born.

All this, plus a dozen big musical sequences, makes *Star* a mighty long gulp

of champagne; but, like champagne, it is hard to refuse. Simply in the writing, for instance, there is a sureness rare in musical comedy librettos—and no wonder: Poetess Dorothy Parker worked on the 1937 script, and Playwright Moss Hart had that to draw on for this one. There is some fine Hollywood off-camera stuff: the great star being fastidious about his amours ("Too young, I had a very young week last week"); the little nobody taking her screen test ("Cut!" the director bellows in horror, "we saw your face!").

The Technicolor is a little too muddy for comfort, but the players wade around in it bravely. Charles Bickford plays the big producer with vigor, and Jack Carson, right to his alcoholic end, glows with a seamless health and handsomeness that may delight the pinup trade but will hardly convince anybody who has ever had a hangover.

As for Judy, she has never sung better. Harold Arlen and Ira Gershwin have given her six good songs—among them one unforgettable lump in the throat, *The Man That Got Away*. Her big, dark voice sobs, sighs, sulks and socks them out like a cross between Tara's harp and the late Bessie Smith.

An expert vaudeville performance was to be expected from Judy; to find her a dramatic actress as well is the real surprise—although perhaps it should not be. In such pictures as *Wizard of Oz*, *The Clock* and *Meet Me in St. Louis*, Judy showed the first flutters of a nature that could give and sympathize deeply, even where it could not control. In *Star* the control is still unsure. But the confidence of the heart—which shows in the sudden, warm, going-under-now look in the eyes—is im-

pressive. Everything she does is a little overdone, but it is a pleasure to see such things done at all. Everybody's little sister, it would seem, has grown out of her braids and into a tiara.

White Christmas (Paramount) is a sentimental recollection of the 1942 musical *Holiday Inn*, in which Bing Crosby first sang the song *White Christmas*. From the first scene (Christmas 1944) to the last (Christmas 1954), it is blatantly the "big musical," a big fat yam of a picture richly candied with VistaVision (Paramount's answer to CinemaScope). Technicolor, tunes by Irving Berlin, massive production numbers, and big stars. Unfortunately, the yam is still a yam.

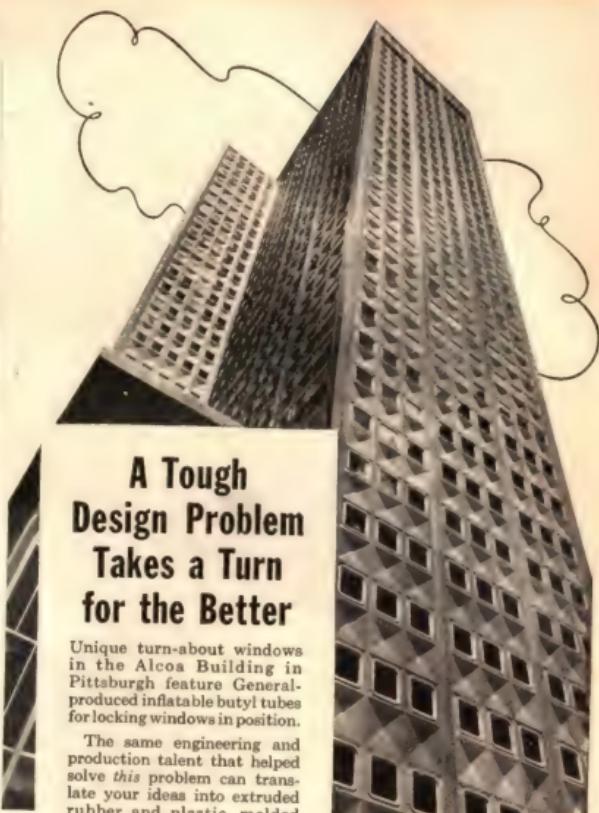
The plot revolves around a handsome, wide-smiling, fatherly ex-general (Dean Jagger) whose ownership of a nice old white inn in Vermont (remember the inn in *Holiday Inn*?) is endangered by business conditions. Two of his former men (Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye), who since the war have made a big success in show business, come to his rescue. They throw a benefit at the inn, and call on all the old man's old soldiers to help out. Meanwhile, they are able to do a good turn for a sister act (Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen).

A couple of the tunes (*Sisters, Count Your Blessings*) may do very well with the jukebox trade, but except for the title piece, Composer Berlin is considerably below his top form. Throughout most of the picture, Crosby just doesn't sing. Rosemary Clooney, as his girl friend, gives him no very exciting reason to. Even Danny Kaye seems a little depressed. He has only one really adequate line ("When what's left of you gets around to what's left to be gotten, what's left to be gotten won't be worth getting whatever it is you've got left"), but he does manage, in one spanking fine sequence with Dancer



CROSBY & KAYE
A beat without a Bing.

TIME, OCTOBER 25, 1954



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Vera-Ellen, to remind the world that when he wants to, he can move shoe leather with anybody short of Fred Astaire.

Hansel and Gretel [Michael Myerberg] shows what the Machine Age can do to an old folk tale. Based on Engelbert Humperdinck's 1893 children's opera, *Hansel* is a 72-minute Technicolor production built around a new gimmick: electronically controlled robots with hands, eyebrows, and bodies that move.

The novelty quickly wears off. As "Kinemins," Hansel and Gretel are too human for fantasy, too clumsy on their magnetized feet to pass for real. Only with Rosina Rosylips, the witch, does Producer Myerberg bring his brainchild close to life. Swooping happily on her broomstick or chortling over Gretel ("She makes my mouth water"/"I'm so glad I caught her"), Rosina Rosylips is fine fun. For the rest, despite Humperdinck's music and Evalds Dajevskis' eerily beautiful settings, *Hansel* is hoist on its own technology.

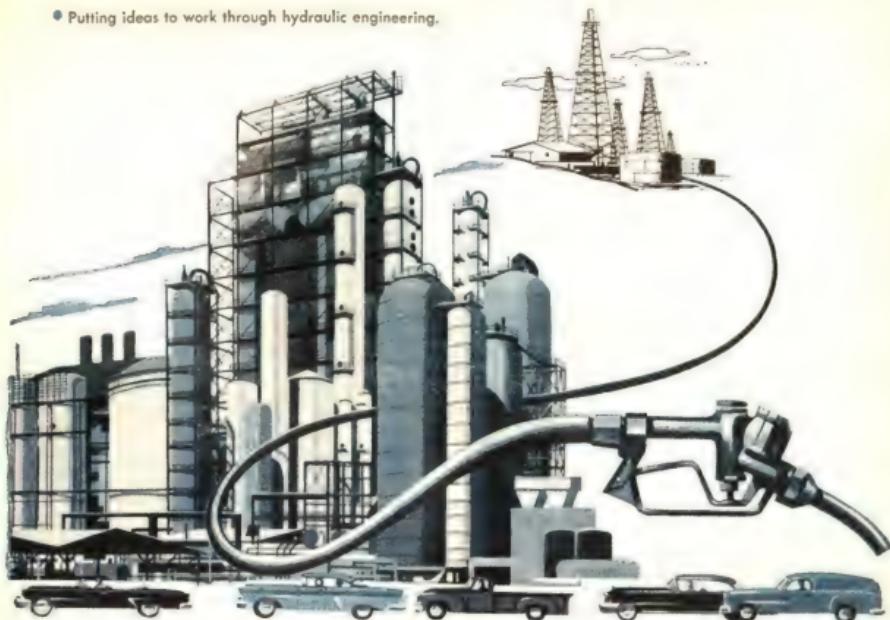
The Black Shield of Falworth [Universal-International]. After sitting through three full-color CinemaScope treatments of the Middle Ages (*Knights of the Round Table*, *Prince Valiant*, *King Richard and the Crusaders*) in the last six months, one schoolboy complained that he was "beginning to feel middle-aged." A weary wag some years his senior replied by recommending *The Black Shield of Falworth* as distinctly "the lesser of medevals." Actually, *The Black Shield* is better than that. In sheer athletic thwack—the vim with which bullets are fetched and weasands slit—it is one of the jaw-jarringly fast things of its kind since Douglas Fairbanks' 1922 *Robin Hood*.

The Fairbanks on the current job is 29-year-old Tony Curtis, who plays the broadsword, mans the harpicon and generally acrobatically with such enthusiasm that no one should be disturbed by a few Curtis crudities. Example: when he kisses a girl—in this case Janet Leigh, who is Mrs. Curtis in private life—a great wet smack is heard all the way to the back of the theater.

The story of the picture, based on a novel, *Men of Iron*, by Howard Pyle, concerns a rash child (Actor Curtis) of the 14th century who doesn't know his own father. To find out who he is, the young man takes service as a squire with the kindly Earl of Mackworth (Herbert Marshall), quickly wins distinction with his arms—in the bower of milord's pretty daughter (Actress Leigh) as well as in the joust. In the end, Curtis clears his father's name, puts the crunch on the villain, gets the girl—and saves the state.

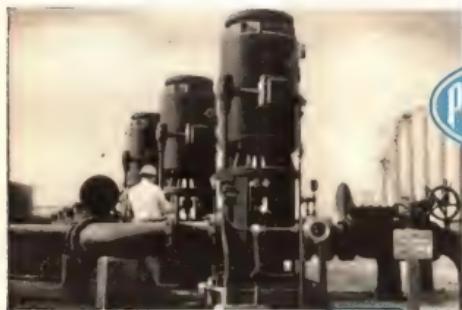
In fact, everything is just as it ought to be in such a picture. Oscar Browne's scenes are fast and well-organized. Rudolph (Doddsworth) Maté's direction is firm and businesslike. Best bit is a reworking of a famed Charles Laughton scene in *Henry VIII*, a demonstration of medieval good manners ("the little things that distinguish the gentleman") in which Actor Tonie Thatchet daintily raises a

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whole haunch of mutton to his lips, graciously gnaws at it for awhile, then flings it airy over his shoulder—the left shoulder, that is—to the floor.

Operation Manhunt (MPTV Corp.; United Artists). Igor Gouzenko was trained by Soviet military intelligence to be persistent, and he learned his lesson well. In 1945 the former code clerk in Ottawa's Russian embassy exposed to the Canadian government a Red ring that was stealing atomic secrets. In 1948 his adventures gave Hollywood the excuse and the plot for a vivid anti-Soviet spy thriller, *Iron Curtain*. Last July he published a powerful novel, *The Fall of a Titan*, about Russian officialdom, and how one of its high-ups got cut down. *Operation Manhunt*, a sort of sequel to *Iron Curtain*, is still another piece of pretty effective anti-Communist propaganda inspired by eager Igor.

The manhunt of the title is an attempt by the Russians to find Gouzenko (Harry Townes), whose whereabouts are a Canadian state secret, and to liquidate him. The suspense coils down tight as Gouzenko is lured to a rendezvous with death, and there is a jack-in-the-box finish to send everybody home happy.

Will Kulava, as the Russian spymaster, radiates the impersonal menace of a prescription for arsenic, while as Gouzenko, Townes suggests very gracefully a sort of soulful bureaucrat. Unluckily, there is an epilogue in which Gouzenko himself appears, wearing a black cloak mask that makes him look like an executioner. Indeed, if the picture survives, it is not because he fails to lower the ax.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Ugetsu. A weird and lovely Japanese film; in an Oriental spirit, the camera meditates the eye of a hurricane in a human soul (TIME, Sept. 20).

High and Dry. Some tightfisted Scotsmen (Alex Mackenzie, Tommy Kearns) squeeze the American Dollar (Paul Douglas) until the eagle screams and the audience howls (TIME, Sept. 13).

Sabrina. The boss sons (Humphrey Bogart, William Holden) and the chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn) are at it again, but thanks to Director Billy Wilder, not all the bloom is off this faded comic ruse (TIME, Sept. 13).

The Little Kidnappers. Youth and crabbled age try to live together on a Nova Scotia farm: a radiant fable about childhood (TIME, Sept. 6).

The Vanishing Prairie. Walt Disney's cameramen catch some intimate glimpses (including the birth of a baby buffalo) of what animal life was like when the West was really wild (TIME, Aug. 23).

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb (TIME, Aug. 9).

Rear Window. Hot and cold flashes of kissing and killing, as Alfred Hitchcock lets Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly and the customer get the eavesdrop on a murderer (TIME, Aug. 2).



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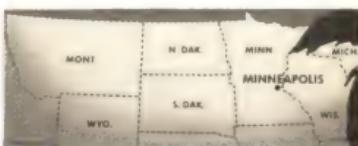
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BOOKS

Mission to Tragedy

FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA (346 pp.)—John Leighton Stuart—Random House (\$6.25).

In 1946, when China was still the great country of the open door, Leighton Stuart had long personified the U.S. tradition of humanitarian service in China. From boyhood as a missionary's son under the Manchus down to wartime imprisonment by the Japanese, he had shared the tumultuous experiences of the nation's modern awakening. As founder and president of Peking's Yenching University, the greatest of China's Christian colleges, he had won the affection and trust of a generation of rising Chinese leaders.

Then, at the age of 70, writes Dr. Stuart in *Fifty Years in China*, "I was catapulted by strange circumstances into the U.S. ambassadorship at Nanking." The circumstances: General George Marshall wanted his help in the ill-fated mission to bring together the country's Nationalist rulers and Communist rebels in a coalition government. ("Broadening the base of Chinese democracy" said the Truman-Byrnes directives, which Author Stuart appends to his book, and which make hair-raising reading in 1954.) The author of Yenching's famous motto, "Freedom Through Truth for Service," accepted this last, fateful call to service. Thereafter, by one of history's harsh ironies, Missionary Stuart served as chief U.S. representative while China's door was slammed shut and "all that I had previously accomplished in the country . . . was apparently being destroyed."

The White Paper. The coalition talks collapsed before Communist intransigence. Marshall hurried home to take over

the State Department, and while the U.S. fumbled its help to Chiang, the Red forces rolled down from the north to win the civil war. Washington was looking the other way. To despairing Nationalist friends, despairing Dr. Stuart could offer only sympathy. "I failed," says Stuart simply. "I was unable to influence those who controlled either American or Chinese political action."

Despite this humble assumption of fault, almost Chinese in its politeness, Leighton Stuart cannot refrain from criticizing his superiors. When the State Department published its white paper—which justified the Acheson line on China and blamed the Nationalists for everything—Ambassador Stuart recalls being "astonished and alarmed . . . shocked . . . perplexed and filled with apprehension." The white paper, concludes Stuart, was "an accurate display of the materials on which the U.S. Government relied [for] its decisions . . . What had been omitted were materials . . . which had not been relied upon." The implication is strong that his own advice was not relied upon; it is as close as polite Diplomat Stuart will come to saying that the paper was a dishonest document.

The Future. This is not the "China Lobby" talking, but a gentle missionary who tries hard to avoid recriminations. Yet Dr. Stuart recalls how, on his return to the U.S. in 1949, Walton Butterworth, director of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs, and other State Department pros shushed Stuart, screened him from the press and censored his speeches.

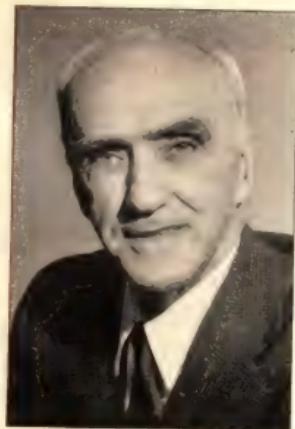
As for future policy, Dr. Stuart believes the U.S. should help Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. Says he: "I devoutly hope that, both on moral grounds and on political grounds, both for its own good and for the good of all mankind, the U.S. will continue in its refusal to recognize China's 'People's Government' . . . will be firm in its opposition to action calculated to strengthen that government."

Backing Up Patton

SICILY-SALERNO-ANZIO (413 pp.)—Samuel Eliot Morison—Little, Brown (\$6.75).

The morning he landed in Sicily in July 1943, General George Patton climbed a Rangers' observation post and watched a column of German tanks roll down on his invasion beachhead. A young naval ensign with a walkie-talkie said: "Can I help you, sir?" "Sure," roared the general, "if you can connect with your [profanity deleted] Navy, tell them for [profanity's] sake to drop some shellfire on that road." Somehow the ensign raised the cruiser *Boise*, which devastated the tanks with 38 rounds of 6-in. shells. "General Patton's conversion to the value of naval gunfire support," observes Rear Admiral Samuel Morison in the latest volume of his classic history of U.S. naval operations in World War II, "dates from that moment."

With Volume IX of his projected 14-



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volume history, Author Morison (Jona-trumbull professor of history at Harvard) swings back to action in the Mediterranean. Though Italy was hardly a navy show, and the British directed its naval phase, Morison makes a brave and lively drama of U.S. ships putting the Army on Italy's beaches and then teaching it to value the fleet's long-barreled line-backing skill.

As an old blue-water man, Morison dishes out most of his criticism to the other services. He pans Army brass for not pushing through plans to seize Rome by air after Mussolini's fall; had they done so, he says, the slogging campaign up southern Italy would not have been needed. Anzio, he thinks, was a blunder. But in general, says Morison, the Italian campaign was worth it all—unpopular like Grant's Wilderness campaign of 1864, but equally a campaign that had to be fought. Its bloody cost was more than repaid in Normandy's victories weeks later.

Mixed Fiction

The Huge Season, by Wright Morris (306 pp.; Macmillan; \$4.25), takes a set of characters that might have been found in F. Scott Fitzgerald's wastebasket and imagines what became of them in the harsh morning after the tender night. Among the characters: a young, rich Greek god from the Middle West who is soul-sick for no clearly apparent reason; a flapper who literally sinks her teeth into nice young men; a nice young man; a Jewish intellectual who can't make up his mind whether he wants to be a quarter-miler or just a social climber. Comes the dawn, and the "lone eagles" turn into "a covey of sitting ducks." One of them also turns into a dead pigeon. The others—boozing, cynical or hitting the Prufrock-bottom of resignation—live by remembering. Almost everybody sooner or later tries to shoot himself or else to write a



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book. Promising Author Morris (*The Works of Love, The Deep Sleep*) writes with an almost British smoothness—except when he lapses into a stream-of-consciousness cablese that makes him sound like a Western Union clerk on the analyst's couch. Morris offers many rewarding moments of major excitement and minor truth. But he deliberately invites comparison with Hemingway and Fitzgerald, and beside these great American romantic realists, Morris looks perhaps adult but certainly dull. Where Fitzgerald could turn rotgut into champagne, Morris turns champagne into Alka-Seltzer.

THE LAST HUNT, by Milton Lott (399 pp.; Houghton Mifflin: \$3.95) is the story of the age of slaughter when, in the space of 20 years, the hide hunters wiped the buffalo herds from the face of the West. From Texas to Idaho they left "nothin but bones layin white in the sun like an alkali flat . . . , and the wagon wheels breakin em like sticks." Milton Lott, 35-year-old millwright who got a Houghton Mifflin fellowship for this first novel, was born and raised in the Snake River country, the scene of his story. He describes his hunters' comfortless lives with an intimacy of detail that makes fine reading even of such simple events as pitching camp or building a fire. Author Lott spares the reader nothing—every gush of blood from a stricken buffalo's mouth, the way a carcass explodes in the sun "with a great pop and sigh," the mechanical difficulties of skinning an Indian. This is no mere western yarn, and there are no heroes about Lott's hunters; Charley kills because he finds his manhood in killing. Sandy with an uneasy distaste for the waste. Though the dialogue is occasionally as awkward as a bull calf, Lott's uncluttered sense of scene and even-paced storytelling give the book strength and fascination.

Characters & Carats

LOST SPLENDOR, by Prince Felix Yousoupooff (307 pp.; Putnam: \$4.50), offers the memoirs of the scion of one of Russia's great feudal families. Prince Yousoupooff's great-grandmother was Emperor Nicholas I's mistress, and his great-great-grandfather was a lover of Catherine the Great. The old rake was so rich he had a private theater and ballet, and so dissolute that when he waved his cane all dancers appeared on stage stark naked. Young Prince Felix married a niece of the Czar, vowed he would save the 300-year-old Romanoff dynasty by assassinating Rasputin, the magnetic evil genius of the Czar and Czarina. On the night of Dec. 29, 1916, the prince, aged 29, lured Rasputin to the basement of his St. Petersburg home and, while accomplices played *Vankee Doodle* on the phonograph upstairs, fed him cakes and wine sprinkled with cyanide. The dose, "sufficient to kill several men instantly," merely made Rasputin sleepy, so the prince put a bullet into his body. But Rasputin still had the energy to stagger into the courtyard before four more bullets ended the life of

pre-Communist Russia's most hated man. Author Youssouffoff, now 67 and living in Paris, often bogs down in mediocre writing and puerile prejudices, but tells a fine, fabulous story.

HOCKSHOP, by William R. Simpson and Florence K. Simpson with Charles Samuels (311 pp.; Random House; \$3.75), is the entertaining tale of that commercial paradox: a respectable pawnshop. The original Simpson's of New York City's Park Row was established in 1822. For more than a century after that, five generations of Simpons made good money by lending it against even better security. William, the fifth of the Simpons, dealt with clients ranging from clever thieves to obsessive society belles, from broken-down prizefighters to muscular gigolos. Among their collateral were 15th century manuscripts, a Stradivarius, a Crusader's giant thumb ring, pornographic watches, Titian paintings and the Hope diamond. When Simpson arrived at the home of Mrs. Evelyn Walsh MacLean, who owned it and needed a little ready cash, it could not be found. Mrs. McLean finally had an inspiration and called: "Mike! Here Mike!" In bounded a great Dane. Twisted about his neck was an ornate necklace of 72 diamonds centering on the unique 443-carat Hope. Mrs. McLean handed over the stone and in exchange Simpson handed her a loan of \$16,000. Author Simpson is now retired, but still grows agreeably lyrical about the carats and characters he has known.

The Holy Wars

A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES VOL. III: THE KINGDOM OF ACRE 530 wcl—Steven Runciman—Cambridge University Press (\$6.50).

The devotion of the medieval Crusaders who marched in great waves toward the unknown East to wrest the sepulchre of Christ from infidel defilement stands in history as an everlastingly marvelous drama. Modern readers (and historians) don't quite know what to make of the Crusades. At best, they speak of a "miracle of faith," at worst of "blind fanaticism" mixed with greed. The word crusade is becoming fashionable again, but few 20th century men can imagine a faith as real, natural and all-inclusive as life itself, so that heroism and villainy, love and war, passion for God and passion for politics could all find room in it.

Among the best accounts ever written is Steven Runciman's *History of the Crusades*, now brought to authoritative completion with the third volume, *The Kingdom of Acre*. Historian Runciman writes in the magisterial tradition of Gibbon, Macaulay and his mentor, G. M. Trevelyan. The first two volumes (TIME, Dec. 1, 1952) told how the half-civilized Frankish warriors, massacring Saracens on the walls of Jerusalem and Tyre, won dazzling triumphs and founded a kingdom in the Holy Land. The concluding volume relates the somber story of how the warrior pilgrims, having lost the Holy City while

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THE WORLD OVER



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squabbling over lands and trade, also lost their crusading fervor.

Saints & Sultans. When the rulers of France, England and Germany led forth the third and greatest of the Crusades they were playing international politics on the side. England's towering, blond Richard the Lionhearted stormed the supposedly impregnable fortress of Acre, and later fought at Jaffa with such bravery that when his horse fell, the admiring Sultan Saladin sent him two fresh chargers. But Richard himself had hicksid so far as to bargain with the infidel, offering to marry his sister to the Sultan's brother in return for access to Jerusalem.

The fourth Crusade was turned—by the cunning of its Venetian outfitters and the headlong cupidity of the expeditionaries—into a campaign against Christians. The Crusaders wound up sacking invitingly weak Constantinople until then the greatest Christian city on earth.

When later Crusades invaded Egypt, Brother Francis of Assisi went ashore to persuade the Sultan to let the Christians pass to Jerusalem in peace. "The Moslem guards were suspicious at first," says Runciman, "but soon decided that anyone so simple, so gentle and so dirty must be mad, and treated him with the respect due to a man touched by God. He was taken to the Sultan al-Kamil, who was charmed by him and listened patiently to his appeal, but who was too kind and too highly civilized to allow him to give witness to his faith in an ordeal by fire. Francis was sent back with an honorable escort to the Christians."

As the crusading tide ebbed, the Saracens picked off one beleaguered Christian fortress after another—Antioch, Tripoli and finally, in 1291, Tyre and Acre. That was the end of the Frankish kingdom in

the East, though the West went on talking for centuries of liberating Jerusalem (Vasco da Gama and Columbus both piously hoped to take it from the rear).

Greed & Folly. For all his excellence in telling the story, Historian Runciman finishes with a startling piece of moralizing hindsight: "The historian as he gazes back across the centuries at their gallant story must find his admiration overcast by sorrow at . . . the limitations of human nature. There was so much courage and so little honor, so much devotion and so little understanding. High ideals were besmirched by cruelty and greed, enterprise and endurance by a blind and narrow self-righteousness, and the Holy War itself was nothing more than a long act of intolerance in the name of God, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost."

This may be true. Yet it remains significant that a 20th century historian, viewing the Age of Faith, ultimately sees in it mainly "intolerance." Reading this verdict—delivered in history's bloodiest century, in which tolerance of evil has done at least as much harm as intolerance of good—the reader is bound to wonder just who is being self-righteous.

The Irish Are People

MORE STORIES [385 pp.] — Frank O'Connor—Knopf [\$5].

One great trouble with the great Irish writers is that they make Irishmen seem like nobody else at all. That, as James Joyce, Sean O'Casey and a dozen others have proved, is fine up to a point, but sooner or later even the most sympathetic reader gets tired of a literary chosen people. Short Story Writer Frank O'Connor has a nice way of making his people look, feel and sound like anyone

else. Any reader might find himself saying: there but for lack of poeten, a certain uneasiness about sex and a wary relationship with the parish priest, go I.

More Stories is as good reading and as honest writing as short-story fans can hope to get, now that good short stories, and publishers willing to publish them, are as rare as blondes in Killarney. There are no writing tricks and no tricky characters; mostly Irish girls who wish their men knew more about love, mothers-in-law in the way, young men who are great lads in a barroom but boozes in the spooning parlor, priests who know the human score but have better sense than to add it up. In *The Little Mother*, a young girl learns one of the deepest truths about middle-class life: "Respectability, far from being a dull and quiet virtue, was like walking a tightrope." And in *The Mad Lomasneys*, an older man invites the fury of his girl by denying she knows anything about love. Says O'Connor: "At the age of eighteen to be told that there is anything you don't know about love is like a knife in your heart." *More Stories* slows down ordinary life—which could be anywhere—for a good look at it; the Irish accent is merely the pleasantly accidental result of O'Connor's being an Irishman.

RECENT & READABLE

The Invisible Writing, by Arthur Koestler. A brilliant travolgue (the second volume of his autobiography) describing the famous ex-Communist's journey through and out of the Marxist hell (TIME, Oct. 11).

Melbourne, by Lord David Cecil. A first-rate account of Britain's last big Whig, who said: "This damned morality will ruin everything" (TIME, Oct. 11).

The Dancing Bear, by Frances Faviell, and **Acquainted with the Night**, by Heinrich Böll. Two exciting accounts, one fact, the other fiction, of Germany and its postwar tragedies (TIME, Oct. 4).

Most Likely to Succeed, by John Dos Passos. Fellow-traveling liberals skewered with considerable skill (TIME, Sept. 27).

The Ramayana, by Aubrey Menen. One of the best satirists between New York and Calcutta pokes good fun at a great Hindu epic and at the human race (TIME, Sept. 27).

Down with Skool, by Geoffrey Williams and Ronald Searle. Possibly the funniest junior class war since *Pecck's Bad Boy* (TIME, Sept. 20).

An American in India, by Samuels Redding. A chilling exposition of the Communist danger in Nehru's land (TIME, Sept. 20).

The Wilder Shores of Love, by Lesley Blanch. The fascinating and authentic tales of four women who loved well, possibly wisely, and certainly widely, from British authors and German princes to Turkish sultans (TIME, Sept. 13).

The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley, by Phyllis McGinley. The best writer of light verse in the U.S. pays her gentle and wryly intelligent respects to everyday people and things and to a gallery of Christian saints (TIME, July 19).

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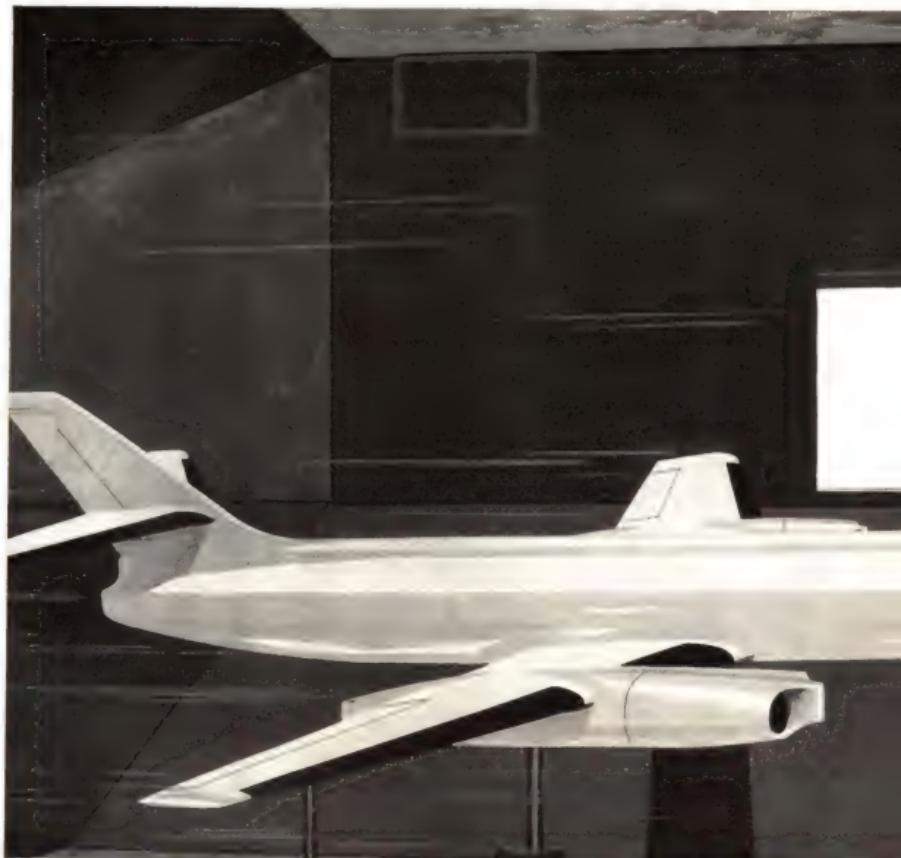
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MISCELLANY

Brass. In Fresno, Calif., suing John Davilla for divorce, Jennie Davilla charged that he beat her frequently, claimed it was a privilege that went with his Navy rank of chief petty officer.

Lemons. In Covington, Ky., Constable Joseph Strassel was fined \$500 for possessing gambling equipment despite his assertions that the two slot machines found on his property were "left there for repairs."

Persuader. In Apollo, Pa., when Bartender Ray Bodenhorst refused him another drink, John Baustert, 28, went outside to his pickup truck, crashed it through the front of the bar, got out and said, "Now can I have a drink?"

Public Defender. In Palermo, Italy, Vincenzo Fassano tore off all his clothes, hopped into a fountain and began beating on the marble statues of water nymphs, when police arrived explained: "I consider these statues immoral."

If You Insist . . . In Detroit, Claude Berry was given ten days for drunken driving, despite his insistence that "three masked men grabbed me, pulled a knife and forced a lot of whisky down my throat. That's how I got drunk."

Expert. In Corvallis, Ore., Professor Paul N. Knoll of Oregon State College reported sadly that his wife had enrolled in his course in argumentation.

Such Sweet Sorrow. In Gallup, N. Mex., Fireman Paul Peck asked the town council to pay him for the ten days' work he did after he was fired, explained that he was hard of hearing and did not understand he had been let go.

Not as a Stranger. In New Haven, Conn., Judge James C. Shannon ordered an immediate mistrial when Juror Timothe Lyons fainted, was revived by Dr. Carl V. Pantaleo, the defendant.

Trial Run. In Eureka, Mont., Pat Wager, candidate for town constable, went on a campaign tour of several bars, decided he was as good as elected, jailed three citizens, landed in jail himself for disturbing the peace.

Apple-Polisher. In Berlin, Germany, the *Observer* polled G.I.s about their favorite eating places, found one soldier who said he preferred Army food above all other, discovered later that he was a mess sergeant.

Innocent Bystander. In Los Angeles, after Virginia Ekas, 21, rammed a patrol car three times, knocked down two cops, led police on an 80-m.p.h. chase, she was taken to the station, where she clawed and kicked her captors, bit a doctor, finally demanded: "What are you annoying me? I never did anything to you."

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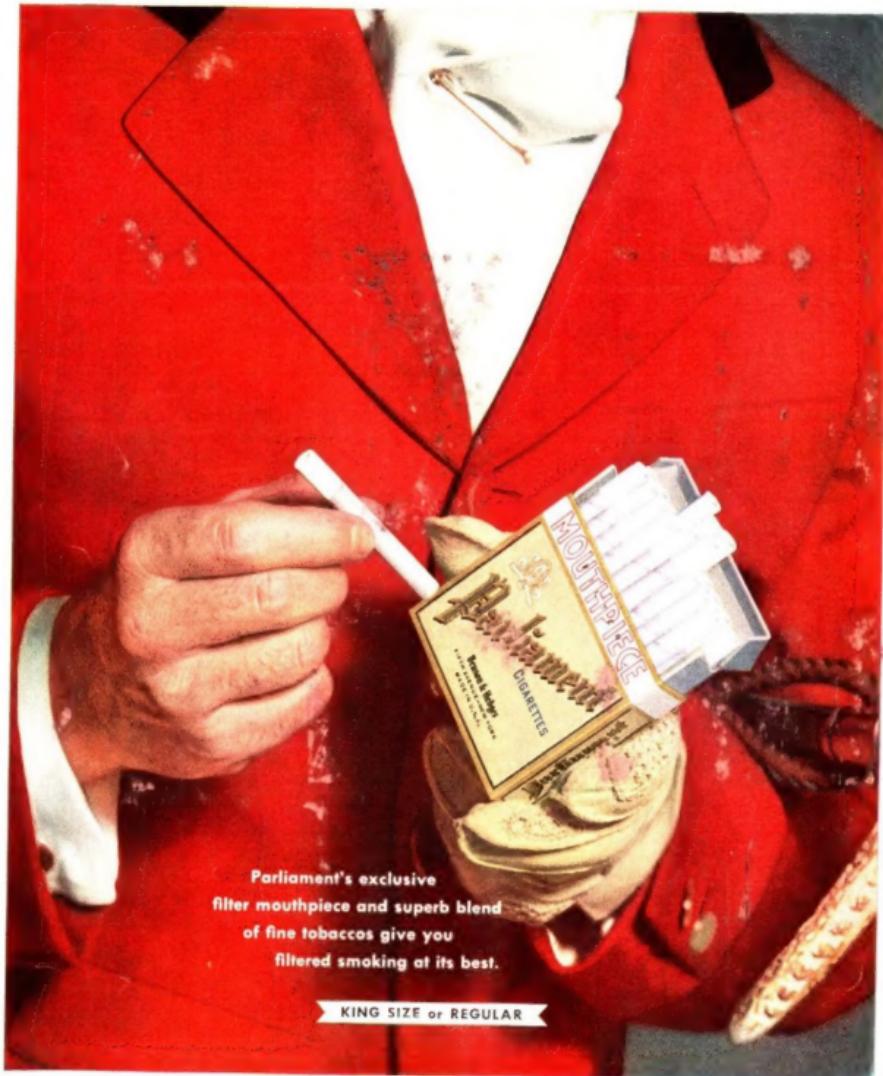
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